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AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A NOBLEMAN FROM ITALY.

The Carnival was over, and I, with weary feet,
Mixed with the angry populace that swarmed along the street.

A troupe from sunny Italy, upon a corner near,
Were grinding from their instruments tunes horrible to hear.

"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" I never should have known,
While "Silver Threads" and "Captain Jinks" extorted many a groan.

I asked the swart Italian what did he far from home,
And if he thought our Carnival exceeded those of Rome.

He writhed and hissed, and shook his fist in quite an awful way,
And, dancing in his frantic rage, proceeded thus to say:

"America na goods—I worka hard all day,
And only fivea cents for everything I play.

"Me Princa in Italia—ten servant always wait
To feeda maccarona on a silver-golda plate;

"Me Kinga of ye Carnival at Roma many day,
But great Princessa wanta me, and so I run away.

"And sen zey seize my palaca and all about ze place,
Zen I swear deep revenga to all ze human race.

"I coma to America and feela alla hunk,
For I drive ze people craza wiz ze organ and ze monk."

I heard his woeful story; then, with movements sad and slow,
I placed my fingers to my nose, and waved them to and fro:
And then from out that neighborhood I hastened very quick,
Before that exiled nobleman had time to find a brick!

SPANGLE.

IRENE:

THE

SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "ERIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE" "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

REVELATIONS.

Canvas Joe was seated in his lonely rooms—lonely, but not from the want of air and fire and creature comforts, for his pipe and bread and cheese and jug of beer were handy, but lonely on account of the absence of his wife.

"She's a regular screamer, that woman," soliloquized he, "and keeps a body stirred up, even though she wants one to be 'mum' when anything interesting is going on," and he laughed to think how little their passages-at-arms in reality amounted to, and how bloodless what the censorious world would have called their battles.

He looked around as if to discover something to talk to, but could find nothing. Even the usually dignified and stay-at-home cat had betaken itself to wandering ways since the departure of its mistress, and Joe fancied he could hear it calling "Maria" from a neighboring shed.

"Drat that cat!" he exclaimed. "Yes, 'thrice the brindled cat has mewed,' and I wish there was a 'hedgehog' to drive it home. If anything should happen to 'Othello'—queer my wife should think of calling it that—I should never hear the last of it. But I wish it would keep still. It reminds me of the times when it used to be lying on the old rug here, and the missus was setting over yonder sewing away for dear life, and everything just as comfortable as could be. Goodness! how lonesome it is. If I hadn't got a letter from her to-day I should have been worried to death. Terrible thing, that burning of a great ship at sea."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, emptied the pewter-mug of ale, sat pondering for a time upon what his wife had written of the escape of Irene and herself, and, having had enough, was about to go to bed when a noise at the door disturbed him.

"It's that prowling 'Othello' coming home, and like as not with one of its eyes out and the fur all scratched off. Queer things cats, and—thunder!"

Joe sprang to his feet in something of alarm. If cats made a noise like that, they must suddenly have attained great size and strength. He listened. The knock was repeated—a clear, distinct, heavy and impatient one—and, fixing his eyes upon the poker, so as to have a weapon in case of need, he shouted:

"Come in."

A stranger obeyed the summons—a man he did not remember to have seen before, and yet not one whose appearance would cause alarm.

"Are you the individual commonly known as 'Canvas Joe?'" was the salutation and question.

"Yes; take a chair," answered Joe, looking sharply at him, and still ready to act on the defensive.

"And are you acquainted with a young actress, Miss Irene Irving?"

"Was," replied Joe curtly.

The mention of the name still more aroused his suspicions, and he was determined to act upon the favorite advice of his wife and keep "mum."

"Can you tell me anything definite concerning her?"

"Not much."

"I am a very particular friend of the lady, and am much distressed upon her account; learned you were acquainted with her—in fact, that your wife was her attendant—I beg pardon, companion—and came to you hoping to gain some positive information. Have you read the papers of to-day?"

"Sorter," grunted Joe.

"Then you have seen the account of the terrible burning of the 'El Dorado,' with all on board. Can you tell me if Miss Irving was among the passengers? Her name is in the list. Yet that does not make it certain she was on board."

"Was, for a fact."

"You are certain?"

"Yes; had a letter from my wife, mailed at some place with an outlandish name on t'other coast on the way up."

"That settles the matter."

"Likely."

"And she has gone—met a terrible death—poor Irene! And the other gone too—gone!"

"Who are you talking about?"

"No one you know. I thank you for the trouble I have given."

"You're welcome. But in case I should hear anything more, perhaps you would like to know it?"

"Hardly probable more than I shall see in the papers. But there is my card, in case you should have anything to communicate. Again I thank you."

"Would some, and much good may it do you," laughed Joe as the visitor disappeared. "Guess I was 'mum' enough that time, anyhow."

He read the card. Upon it was the name of "Charles Lee Ashton," with the street and number. He recognized the place as the one to which he had been for the trunks of Irene, but knew nothing of the importance of having seen the man in the flesh.

"I'll keep the pasteboard, anyhow," he communed with himself. "My memory haint none of the best, and some day I might want to know. Drat that cat! It haint home yet, and after I get snug in bed it'll come scratching round, and I'll have to get up and let it in. I wish some Desdemona of its tribe would strangle it. Ah! there it is now."

He opened the door for the wandering grimalkin, supplied it with milk, notwithstanding his maledictions, and, having made all snug for the night, tumbled into bed muttering a quotation, undoubtedly called to memory by the name of the favorite: "Put out the light, and then——"

That was as far as he succeeded in repeating. The "then" in his case turned out to be heavy breathing, immediately followed by slumber, undisturbed by the complacent purring of "Othello" upon the rug in front of the stove.

It was very different with his recent visitor. The lover of Irene had departed with anything but a tranquil heart, and walked away lost in thought. He was equally in the dark with Irene. Each believed the other dead. Death, it was true, had entered his home, but it was for the mother, and not the son, and the pistol-shot Irene had heard was far from taking human life.

Passing rapidly through the streets, Ashton sought his now lonely home, entered, went directly to the library, lighted the gas, and, throwing himself into an easy-chair, took a mental survey of his situation.

"My poor, dear mother dead, Irene burned at sea, and she—she—too, gone. Alas! I am alone in the world—all alone. Did I truly love the brilliant little actress? Would I not soon have tired of her as a wife? She was a pretty pet and plaything, headstrong, worshiping only the world and its applause, and—well, I do not know but it was for the best we should not have married. Love her? I realize more and more it was only a passing fancy—not in the least like that other and previous one that a cruel fate robbed me of. Poor, dear child—both shipwrecked—I know now, when the grave is green with turf over you, that you were the one true worship of my life—that my love for you was never plotted from my heart. But the world said it was wrong. Curses upon the world!"

He ground his teeth bitterly together, arose, and walked the floor rapidly, breathing anathemas upon society, upon himself, upon everthing. Then, as exercise brought a trifle of calmness, he again seated himself, and, to banish thought, began to take up and read the letters that had accumulated for days upon the table. One after another he tore open, glanced at, and threw aside in disgust. But at last a daintily-penned and perfumed note unchained his attention. With trembling fingers he removed the envelope, and a cry of exceeding joy burst from his lips.

"Alive! alive! Thank God!" he exclaimed, glanced at his watch, and darted from the room and house.

In an incredibly short space of time he was furiously ringing a door-bell in a distant part of the city. Men had wondered and women shrunk from him when passing, so desperately headlong had been his course—had deemed him an escaped maniac. And in reality he was little better. His brain was on fire, contained but a single thought—his heart beat to but one note.

The blinds and windows of a room in the second story were thrown open, there was a rustling of garments down the stairs, the door was thrown open, a man and a woman were clasped within each other's arms, and amid their frantic kisses came the names:

"Lee!"

"Cora!"

Soon the promised husband of Irene Irving and the wife of Captain Benedfet sat side by side, with arms circling each other, as if fearful, in the tumult of their joy, that something should come between and part them.

"Cora, darling," he whispered as he smoothed back the raven hair from the white forehead, and looked down into the sparkling depths of the love-swimming eyes, "I mourned you as one dead."

"And I you as one lost. O Lee!"

"And now we are both free. That is," and he qualified what he was going to say, for he was too wise—knew too much of the jealousy of womankind to permit her to learn anything of his wandering passion for the lost Irene—"that is, we are free to love. The one obstacle that stood in our way is removed."

"Yes," and the hot blood surged back into her heart and left her cheeks as white and cold as marble—"yes—he—he has been called hence. May Heaven forgive me that, in an hour when I was driven to distraction by your supposed desertion, I became his wife—perjured my soul! For Lee, Lee, I never loved him—never could. My heart was yours—yours only."

"Then you have read of how he died?" he questioned.

"Yes," with a shudder; "and he deserved a happier life than was his. He was a good and true and noble man."

"And loved you, Cora?"

"No, I do not think so—should feel far more deeply than I do if such were my belief. But oh, that I could have foreseen this! It would have saved me from a great sin—one into which I was tempted by my exceeding love for you, dearest."

"Sin, Cora? I cannot understand this," he replied, looking anxiously at her blanched face and tear-dimmed eyes. "You, my darling, commit sin? It is impossible?"

"Perchance I have called it by too harsh a name," she continued, rallying under his tenderness; "but if it is such, love must bear the blame; and" (with an almost painful effort to smile) "you know all is fair in love. But, as I am to be one day judged, I thought of his happiness as well as my own—as yours."

"Explain yourself, Cora."

"I knew he wished to be free. Every hour I was bound to him was torture, and a mad idea seized upon me to sever the connection. In a forged hand I wrote to him that I was dead, and—and he went down to death with that belief, and in the other world will know the burning lie."

For an instant Lee Ashton quailed before the intensity of her remorse. For days and nights she had locked it within her own breast, searing, as it were, her breast to ashes, and now, when an opportunity came for her to give vent to her feelings, there could be no denial.

And lover-like, with the prize for which he had so longed within his grasp, he thought not of there being any guilt upon his soul; but prisoning her within his embrace, soothing, thrilling her lips with kisses, he endeavored to banish the haunting spectre.

"You are mine—will be mine—it has been so ordained," he said.

"Yours only, darling—nothing can stand in the way."

The gray light of morning streamed down upon them as they separately pledged hand and heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BLOOD UPON HOLY GROUND.

The accomplished actress recovered from her indisposition, and San Francisco rejoiced. But it was at once a trial and a relief for her to appear again upon the stage—a trial to have forced upon her attentions that she despised, and a relief from the thought that Lee Ashton was dead, and she might have been, in a measure at least, the cause of the rash act, for well she knew that the Everlasting had "set his canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

Had she chosen, she could have lived in a world of excitement—have followed an unending round of dissipation. Such things, however, were not to her taste. She desired the society (if at all) of but one man, and he—she did not attempt to deny it to herself—was becoming very dear to her; and when thinking of him she could scarcely realize that she had ever even fancied another, much less been infatuated enough to think she loved him. To her Captain Benedict was

"A form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man,"

and the other Lee suffered miserably in the comparison.

But she could not avoid seeing others. It was the penalty to be paid for the height to which she had climbed—the working-out of the false and preposterous idea entertained by some that the world owns the successful actress, body and soul—that all of her time belongs to them, and by the baser few (Heaven be praised that the number is daily growing less!) that when a woman sets her foot upon the stage she throws modesty and morality to the winds.

Costly presents were sent her. She returned many where the givers were known. Suppers were proffered to be declined, until the manager argued against such causes of giving offense.

"Men here," he said, "have more money than they well know what to do with, and are wild over your beauty and genius. They know no other way to show their appreciation than in filling your lap with gold, and loading down your person with jewels. Pardon my bluntness, Miss Irving, but you are a fool if you do not accept. It will not always be thus, and I advise you to harvest while the sun shines. Mankind are fickle creatures, and any day a new divinity may appear—some foreign actress-dancer twinkle her feet before them—and you be forgotten. Our race is short at best, and wise are they who provide for the future—who lay up for old age."

"Probably you are right," Irene replied; "but it seems so base to take things for which I can make no return."

"You are altogether too sensitive—will look at the matter from a very different standpoint some day, for I do know, when the blood burns, how prodigal the soul.'"

"I hope I shall never become so meanly avaricious, so utterly selfish."

"Put it upon the other footing, then—the probability of giving offense. We live but in the sunshine of public favor. It is the candle about which we poor moths flutter, and we are senseless indeed if we fly into the flame and scorch our wings."

He talked long and earnestly upon the subject—was deeply interested in the matter, as it touched his pocket; the more she became the toast and pet of the town, the more she would "draw" and the treasury be filled. To much that he urged she would not listen. Her very soul revolted against it. She would not sell herself, even in appearance, for the golden dust and glittering baubles of the world.

But she yielded one point. In the midst of their conversation a little casket of diamonds, a tiara of exceeding brilliancy, was placed in her hands. Even her eyes could not but sparkle at its rare beauty. It filled to the full the natural longings of every feminine heart for such things.

"You will wear this to-night?" said the manager enthusiastically.

"I do not know," she answered evasively, though with her gaze lingering upon the burning gems "from far Golconda's mines." "There is no card attached. I do not know from whom it comes."

"The more modest the offering."

"But the giver may be one I could never recognize in public—some base, bad man."

"Scarcely. Had it been so, he would have been more bold."

He overruled her every objection, and that night the brow of Irene (as Julia) was adorned with the jewels, and one eye more than any other noticed and gloried in the fact, and builded great plans thereon.

The morrow brought the card of Col. Clay Folger—and the man. Irene would have refused to see him. But he was not a man to be refused, and, brushing past the servant, he obtruded himself upon her presence, and at the first glance a chill settled upon her heart—a premonition of some terrible evil.

"Colonel Clay Folger" (if that was his true name, which was very doubtful) came from no one knew where, and his business was no one knew exactly what, though he said "speculator." Wealth he seemed to possess, dressed upon the exquisite order, drove a "spanking team," was reported to be a crack shot with the pistol, a skillful manipulator of cards, not averse to the wine-cup, overfond of the questionable society of the gentler sex, and with somewhat "loud" manners.

"I am very proud and happy, Miss Irving," he said in the most insinuating manner, and taking familiarly the hand that was not offered, "to congratulate you upon your success last evening. It was a rare triumph of art, and made everyone your slave—the greatest of which is your humble servant."

She thanked him courteously but coldly, and without even asking him to be seated; and he continued, without in the least regarding the rebuff:

M. MAUREL, European Baritone.

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

"And I am more than pleased to see that you honored me so much as to wear upon your matchless brow the trifle I sent."

"You sent me?" and she took the jewels from the box on the table. "Was this your gift?"

"Certainly."

"Then receive them back again."

"I must absolutely decline. You have rendered them sacred by the wearing."

"Not knowing whence they came. But, as I shall never do so again, they are valueless. And, sir, I wore them against my own better judgment."

"Yet you did so, and in public, and thereby gave yourself to my protection. The world understands this thing well enough."

"Sir!" and her eyes flashed the most indignant fires. "Did you come here to insult me?"

"It is no insult to worship beauty and be its slave. But what need of all this foolish coquettishness? I understand you women of the stage perfectly."

"Sir! Take these diamonds, and take yourself from the room immediately."

"Quite tragic," he laughed. "Very well put on. But it will not go down. You wore my gift in public—I took good care to have it known it was mine—and you cannot separate our names hereafter, if you would."

"Infamous!"

Scalding tears gathered in her eyes. She dashed them away, threw the diamonds upon the floor, ground them from the setting beneath her heel, and, sweeping up the fragments in her hand, tossed them into the sea-coal fire, whose flames were dancing in the grate, saying:

"Thus perish your gift, and" (pointing to the door) "I would be alone. Go instantly, or I shall call for help."

The mask of the man was at once torn away. His face became black with passion and his lips overflowed with curses.

"Call for help, if you dare," he hissed. "You will be found so locked in my arms as to forever blast your name. I am not a man to be baulked."

After that was pallid as ashes. Drops of icy perspiration, larger and clearer than the diamonds, the fire had resolved again to worthless carbon, stood upon her brow. She was the incarnation of insulted modesty. Then passion surged to the surface, and she called him such names as any but the most hardened would have shrunk to hear. But he only laughed, and answered:

"You willingly entered the net I baited, and ——"

"Another word, and I will strike you dead at my feet."

"If you had the power. A kiss will settle all our difficulties."

He sprang forward and grasped her hands. A shrill, heart-broken cry of "Lee! Lee!" rang from her lips. There was a sudden bursting-open of the door, a man felled to the floor by a heavy blow, a form dragged out of the room and kicked down the stairs, a fainting woman left behind.

"You shall hear from me again," hissed Colonel Clay Folger as he slunk away from the eyes of the applauding crowd.

"At any time and place," answered Captain Benedict; "and, thank Heaven, I was weaponless or you would not now be polluting the earth with your vile presence."

He hastened up the stairs, raised the limp form in his arms, and succeeded in restoring consciousness. It was the sweetest moment of his life when the eyes opened upon him and the lips poured out thanks; the sweetest—two sweet to last—when she rested upon his breast and told in broken words of the insult she had received. Too sweet to last, for Mrs. Joe (having heard a smattering of the disturbance) came bustling into the room, armed with smelling-salts, ammonia and burned feathers to counteract fainting.

Words of love were consequently left unspoken, and the old, old story was forced to be deferred, and laughter at the outraged woman took the place of sighs and blushes. And at last the gallant captain was fairly driven from the field when the haven was almost won and the anchor of hope ready to be dropped in the firm holding-ground of the heart.

But soon he had other things to occupy his attention for a time—perhaps even to eternity. Smarting with the public punishment he had received, Folger was not slow to seek revenge, and within an hour a challenge was placed in the hand of his enemy.

"What will you do?" questioned a friend who chanced to be with him.

"Accept, of course."

"But this man is a noted duelist."

"I care not for that. I trust Heaven to deal out merited justice. Will you be my friend upon the occasion?"

"Yes, if you are determined."

"Unto death. Leave me alone now, but come again at six. We will ride out to the Mission alone, and so as not to attract observation."

The intervening time was passed in arranging his worldly affairs, and writing to Irene a letter filled with the most passionate love and adoration. Then, with his accustomed nerve, he shaved and dressed in anticipation of the worst—to give himself to an assassin's bullet from a false sense of honor. Then he sat down and smoked, and looked at the crowd surging through the street until the appointed time.

The sun was lingering lovingly upon the bay, kissing the groves in Yerba Buena, and gilding with a touch of glory the little spires of the Mission Dolores, when four men gathered for a deadly conflict to take away the life that God alone could give. There was to be no witness save the surgeon, who came armed with his murderous-looking case of instruments, and with an almost pleasant smile of anticipation upon his face.

The words that were spoken were few and low. Even the braggart lost his recklessness in the face of death, and that of Folger was ashes. At heart he was a coward, and depended upon his skill with a pistol. Benedict was calm, perchance a trifle less flushed than usual, but that was all the change. There was nothing of fear in his nature.

The ground was measured in a spot somewhat secluded, the men had taken their places and the fatal word was about to be given, when an uninvited guest appeared, stepped between the combatants, and sternly forbade the murder. It was an old priest from the ancient adobe Mission, who had followed as fast as his limbs would bear him to prevent, in the name of the high Power he worshiped, the shedding of blood upon consecrated ground. With bared head, black robe, and cross clasped in his withered hands, he entreated, commanded, and even called down the vengeance of Heaven if they failed to listen to him.

"Out of the way, old fool!" with impiety added, came from the lips of Folger.

Not so with Benedict. He lowered his weapon, stepped to the side of the priest, and said in the most respectful manner:

"If, reverend Father, we are trespassing upon the property of your church, we will at once depart. I would be the last to do anything to injure your feelings."

"Bless you, my son," was answered. "And, if the hot blood of youth has led you into any error, come with me into the church, and its altar shall be your sanctuary."

"Not so, Father. I am but protecting innocence."

The seconds urged a departure to another locality, but Folger would not listen to it. He raved and cursed until the priest drew back with a cry of horror, and even he who had come with him as a friend was fain to shut his ears.

"Here I came to fight, and here I will fight, so ——"

"Take your places," was commanded, interrupting the terrible oath about to be taken. "Be ready when I give the command. Ready! One—two—three!"

The final word was never given. The bullet of Folger had anticipated it. He had fired before the time, and Lee Benedict fell backward and rolled over in mortal agony!

A cry of horror, then of revenge, burst from the lips of all present, and they rushed forward to seize the murderer. But he was not to be easily taken. He drew a second weapon—one he had concealed within the breast of his coat—and hoarsely waved them back.

"Let anyone come to take me who dares!" he exclaimed. "Fools! do you think I had not provided for this?"

He sprang into the chapparel just in time to escape a bullet from the pistol the second of Benedict had taken from his fallen principal's hand, sprang upon an ambushed mustang, and dashed away from the scene of his treachery and murder.

But fate followed swifter than the feet of the spur-driven steed could carry him. There was the report of another pistol, another bullet sped, and it cleft his dastard heart. He fell from the saddle, his foot hung in the stirrup, and he was dragged along, with his head bounding from stone to stone, until the mother that bore would never have known him.

The latter was the cause of his death, as given by the careless coroner's-jury. They knew nothing of his heart being cleft by a bullet. But a woman, frantic from her wrongs and desertion, who was crouched in the bushes, revolver in hand—a woman with a more truly cleft heart and a maddened brain—could have enlightened them, had she not been driven by remorse to seek an end for earthly sorrow beneath the dark rolling waters of the bay. "One more unfortunate," so the papers said—and that was all.

With the flight of the cowardly assassin, the fallen man was carried within the Mission, and placed upon a pallet in one of the little cell-like rooms.

"Dead," murmured the surgeon as he laid his hand upon the unbeating heart.

"Dead!" grasped the priest, and he placed the emblem of his faith to the cold clay lips, and knelt down and poured his heart out in fervent prayer for mercy for him who had gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY FRIEND THE PUNSTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Looking at his thin, weazen face, nobody would have supposed that he was a man given to humor. On the contrary, his sunken eyes, sharp nose and precise mouth were suggestive of absolute earnestness, as well as intense seriousness. He might have been a deacon in a country church. And yet the probabilities are that he never entered a church in his life. I am positive that he was not a christian. Had he been, he would not have subjected me to the torture of listening to his puns.

I met him in a railway station, where we were the only occupants of the room which was set apart for "gents." The train was half an hour behind time, and the exclusiveness of our surroundings naturally resulted in an attempt to be sociable—that is, it so resulted on the part of the punster. For myself, I was annoyed at the delay, and sat down in the cheerless waiting-room to wonder why railway companies persist in calling men "gents," and why a train is invariably late when one is particularly anxious to reach his destination on time. In the midst of these reflections the punster's sociability broke out:

"Well, we won't be *left*, anyhow," he began.

"No," I said; "we won't be left."

"Which is *right!*" he returned in a drawling tone, and with a very decided emphasis on the last word.

I could not do less than smile at this sorry attempt at a pun, although, could I have known what was to follow, I should have looked as solemn as a convention of graveyards.

"Do you know," he continued, gazing at me earnestly from the depths of his sunken eyes—"do you know why this here train which we're waiting for is like the letter V?"

"No," I said with some misgivings.

"Because," he drawled out, "it comes *after you!*"

Again I smiled, and repented of doing so when I observed that the punster seemed encouraged to proceed with his atrocious efforts.

"Do you travel much on this line?" he asked.

"In the Summer, yes," I answered.

"*Some'er* about once a day?"

"You are given to puns, I see," said I, failing in an attempt to smile at this last abomination.

"*Pun* my word, I didn't know it!" he replied.

Thereupon I fixed my eyes on a placard which set forth the manifold merits of that very railroad which, through its ill management, had inflicted upon me this underserved torture, and resolved that I would not hold any further conversation with the weazen-faced stranger. But he was not to be repelled by any such gentle measures.

"The trains on this here road are always behind time," he remarked. "Do you know why?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Because there are so many *sleepers* along the track!"

I frowned slightly, and continued my inspection of the placard.

"Are you going far?" inquired the Punster, not at all disconcerted by my chilling behavior.

"To New York," I replied.

"Fine city, that is. I was there myself a few years ago. By the way, how many wards are there in New York now?"

"Twenty-four," I answered.

"There was more than that when I was there."

"I think you must be mistaken, sir," I said with some little warmth. "The city never had more wards than it has at present."

"Yes, it did," drawled out the Punster. "My uncle, Hiram Ward, used to live there, and he had seven children, which made eight *Wards* more in there be now, 'cause he's gone to Kansas. D'ye see?"

I took out my watch, looked at it, yawned, and then returned to a study of the railroad-placard.

"Have they got that 'ere new post-office done?" inquired the stranger.

"They has," I replied curtly.

"I don't see what they wanted of such a thundering big building as that for," he remarked.

"They do a thundering big business there, you must remember," I replied.

"You don't have as many letters in New York as they do in Philadelphia," said the Punster.

"I think a reference to the post-office reports would show that you are mistaken," I said.

"Oh, I don't take any stock in the post-office reports," he rejoined with aggravating coolness. "You don't see as many letters in New York as they do in Philadelphia, and I can prove it."

"How?" I asked, completely thrown off my guard.

"Easy enough," drawled out the Punster. "You don't have but *seven letters* in New York, and they have twelve in Philadelphia. D'ye see?"

I looked very grave for a moment, and then rose to my feet and walked to the window. I began to question myself whether I would not be justified in strangling this weazen-faced wretch, and throwing his body in front of the train—if the train ever came.

"Nice view you get out there, aint it?" he said. I remained as dumb as an oyster.

"I never go near windows myself," he continued. "I don't like to get in the vicinity of *panes!*"

After this outburst there was a silence of full five minutes. I was beginning to cherish the delusion that the Punster had resolved to hold his peace, when his drawling voice broke again on my ears.

"I suppose they keep up them theatres in New York the same as ever?"

Receiving no response, he continued:

"When I went down there, I went to a theatre which was managed by a Mr. *Daly*, although the performances was given *nightly*. Kind of curious, wasn't it? My uncle, of whom I was telling you said that, seeing it was *in August*, we'd go to *Augustin's* show. There was a friend of mine down there at the same time, and, being a church-member, he went to hear *Pastor*—a real *Tony* sort of a gentleman he was, too. Maybe you've heard him yourself."

By this time I was fairly boiling over with indignation. Yet by a supreme effort I managed to restrain myself, for I had made up my mind that I would not be driven out of the room by the fellow's abominations. To soothe my ruffled spirits, I began humming a tune, keeping my back to the Punster.

"That *air* is a mighty fine *air*," he remarked. "And speaking of *hairs*, what a big pile of money Vanderbilt left behind him, didn't he? I hear there was a good deal of grumbling because the *will* gave so much to *Will*; but that's the way, you know. Where there's a *will* there's always a sceptic argument agin it. D'ye see?"

"I see," said I, turning upon him sharply, "that you are an insufferable bore!"

"Rather of an icy remark that is," he returned, without the slightest indication of anger. "But being, as you say, a *bore*, I have to *bear* a good deal of that sort of thing. When I was down to my Uncle Hiram's, in New York, I met a man who was going to the ——"

"My dear sir," I interrupted, "it is of no possible interest to me what you did while you were at your Uncle Hiram's, in New York. If you can't speak a dozen words without perpetrating one of your execrable puns, I would very much prefer that you should remain silent."

"Well, now," he rejoined with his accustomed drawl, "I can speak a dozen words without making a pun; but when a man *does* indulge in a little joke now and then there's no use in getting mad about it. As I was about to say, when I was down to my Uncle Hiram's, in New York, I met a man who was going to the Sandwich Islands to set up a mustard-shop. He said he wanted to season the Sandwichers; and I'm blest if he wouldn't have gone, only I told him that the Sandwichers would *sease* on him. D'ye see?"

I felt that I could stand it no longer. Picking up my traveling-bag and umbrella, I walked out of the room, and began pacing up and down the platform in front of the station. After an interval of perhaps five minutes, the Punster emerged from the waiting-room, and, approaching me, said:

"Say, maybe you think I can't stop this sort of thing if I want to?"

"I think that you would confer a lasting favor upon your fellow-beings if you would stop it," I replied savagely.

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you the cigars that I don't make another pun till the train comes in. D'ye take the bet—for *better* or worse?"

I felt that I would cheerfully give a box of cigars to escape any more of this torture; so I took him up. It still lacked ten minutes of the time when the train was due. The Punster paced up and down the platform without speaking a word. Five minutes passed, and I was beginning to return thanks for the privilege of losing my bet, when suddenly—and, as I shall always believe, purposely—the fellow slipped up on an orange-peel, and, falling, scraped the skin from one of his hands. As he picked himself up, I inquired whether he was hurt.

"No," he answered, "not much." Then, looking at his bruised hand, he added: "But the *scars* (cigars) are on me, certain!"

I verily believe that if the whistle of the approaching train had not sounded at that moment I should have strangled the wretch on the spot. As it was, I walked rapidly away, lest the temptation should prove too strong. Three minutes later the train came thundering into the station. Just as I was stepping onto the car, I heard the Punster at my side drawl out:

"D'ye know why you are like the trees in Spring?"

I made a dash for the door, but I did not get in quick enough to lose his parting shot.

"Because," I heard him say, "you are going to *leave!*"

LITTLE ACTRESS OF THE TWINKLING FEET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER AND DEDICATED TO "LOTTA."

Oh, how the crystal gems in night's broad dome
Twinkle their lustre in the icy air,
As if bright fires dancing in a home
Where joy supreme dispells a worldly care.
How like the glimmering splendor of the night
Is earth's sweet daughter, fairest and complete
Whom all the passions of my soul invite—
The little actress of the twinkling feet.

A golden orb to bright the mimic world,
The full, round circle, with its silvery light,
Wreathing sublunar souls as ecstacy unfurls
Its glorious functions on the stellar night;
A form of beauty, face divine and fair,
Eyes whose glance is lightning's flashing seat,
A meteor glowing in empyreal air—
The little actress of the twinkling feet.

The mimic world, the stage, where pictured life
Revels in all the sacredness of truth;
The tender grace of joy or disturbing strife,
Passion's worst clamor or endearing ruth—
I pause to watch the meteor of the sky
Sweep with effulgent beams in swift time's retreat,
Whom memory ever keeps before the eye—
The little actress of the twinkling feet.

"SNOOKEY:"

THE BOY WHO WILL NOT DO FOR A HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EMAC CROOK.

"Shine, boss? Shine 'em up?"

"Go ahead."

And quick as flash the ragged, dirty, barefooted little Arab was on his knees at my feet, with brushes, blacking and box, prepared to polish my number-tens. I entered into conversation with him as he worked.

"How much do you make in a day?"

"Oh, I makes a dollar, an' sometimes a dollar an' a half. Once I made three dollars and eighty cents."

"That's a good deal," I said. "Do you spend all you earn?"

"Yes, me and Gingy does together," he answered.

"Who is Gingy?"

"She's my sister, boss."

"And have you got a mother and father?"

"Mother's dead, and the old man's up the river."

A somewhat intimate acquaintance with the class to which the bootblack belonged made it unnecessary for me to inquire at what particular spot "up the river" the "old man" was stopping.

"Do you and Gingy live alone?" I continued.

"Yes; Gingy's got a humpback, an' I takes care of her."

Here, then, was a hero in rags. I ought to explain that I am a hero-worshiper. I had been on the lookout for just such a character as this Arab; and I had paid for having my boots blackened four times that very day, not because they needed it, but because I desired to enter into conversation with the bootblacks themselves. I wanted to find the prototype of the street-boy who figures in the story-books—the one who supports his widowed mother, and returns the pocketbook which he finds to the rich merchant, and rescues a little girl from drowning, and falls in the way of a philanthropic millionaire who educates him and ultimately takes him into partnership. I had read about this boy so many, many times, that I yearned to make his acquaintance. Thus far my efforts had been unsuccessful; but here, at last, was the fulfillment of my dreams. Here was a youth sufficiently ragged, orthodoxly dirty, with the unmistakable aroma of the street Arab about him, and who supported himself and humpbacked sister by polishing boots, while his worthless father was serving the State up the river. He filled the requirements of the hero in every respect. I was therefore prepared to worship him.

"What is your name?" I inquired kindly.

"Butler," he answered; "but the fellers calls me 'Snookey.'"

Snookey suited me capitally. I had noticed that the boys in the story-books invariably had a name ending in "ey."

"How old are you, Snookey?" I asked.

"Thirteen," was his reply.

"And how old is Gingy?"

"Leven."

By this time he had finished one of my boots, and while he was polishing the other I probed him with interrogations, which he answered readily and intelligently. When the job was over, I discovered that my stock of change was exhausted, and that I had nothing smaller than a two-dollar bill.

"Will you go and get this changed for me?" I asked, holding out the money.

"You bet!" replied Snookey. And with the bill in his hand he darted down the street.

Now, my confidence in the honesty of this young Arab was boundless. All the tribe, of which he was an excellent representative, is famous for its fidelity to trust. The boys in the story-books never run away with the kind gentleman's change. If they did, they would not prosper. Had anybody intimated to me that Snookey would not return, I should have scorned such an imputation against my hero as cruel and unjust. And yet, after I had waited half an hour, I began to reflect that the change must be very scarce in that neighborhood. At the expiration of another ten minutes, I stepped up to a fellow-bootblack, in whose company I had first seen Snookey, and asked him what had become of his friend.

He didn't know. Hadn't seen him since he "shined" me.

Then I explained that I was waiting for my change.

"Did you give Snookey two dollars?" inquired his companion, eyeing me as though he doubted the assertion.

"I did," said I.

"You'd better take a walk round the block!" remarked the youngster.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"You'd better git a little salt. You're too fresh, boss. If you git yer optics on Snookey agin, just let me know! He aint no flat!"

Obviously there was no solace to be derived from this source, so I turned away. My faith in Snookey was shaken, but not wholly gone. Perhaps, like Oliver Twist, he had fallen into the hands of his enemies, and had thus been prevented from returning. I would try and think so, at all events. It was not the loss of two dollars, but the loss of a hero which filled me with sadness. They never did so in the story-books.

That evening I went to the Hippodrome to see Barnum's Show. The conversation of two voices in the seat immediately behind me fell upon my ear, and I found myself listening to some desultory remarks with regard to a familiar subject.

"Where d'ye make ther raise?" asked the first voice.

"Struck a bernanas!" was the reply.

"How?"

"Shined a guy down on Chambers street, and he gived me a two-dollar bill fur to change."

"Did yer freeze to it?"

"Course I did. What d'yer take me fur?"

I could not be mistaken. That voice was the voice of my hero, Snookey. Slowly I turned around, and brought my eyes to bear upon his face. He looked at me a moment, while his jaw fell; and then, jumping from his seat, he made a bound for the aisle. I think he raised three silk hats and two Spring-bonnets in his flight. Probably he thought that I would pursue him, perhaps have him arrested. But I didn't. I only sighed and thought to myself:

"That boy will never do for a hero!"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

A. S. B., Pittsburg.—"If not troubling you too much, please let me know the difference, so to speak, in the following bets. 1st. A bets B that five or more runs will be made in a game of ball. The game is called on account of darkness, the score being 4 to 4 at the end of the last fourteenth inning. Your decision is that A loses. 2d. A bets B that one club will beat its opponents 2 to 1. The game is called on account of darkness, score standing 3 to 5. You decide the bet a draw. I do not wish to be understood as appealing from your decisions. I only request your views for the benefit of several parties here who are deeply interested in baseball matters." ——— We print the foregoing in full as a sample of the injustice that can be *unintentionally* done to those whose ungracious task it is to be called upon to decide wagers. You, S. B., no doubt, honestly believe that we have decided as he says, and yet no such decision as the second of the two has appeared in these columns. A loses the first bet because not one run was made, when he had contracted that at least five should be; and he loses the second (assuming that five innings were played) because the club that he bargained should make two runs to the other's one really made but the same number. Had five innings not been played, both these bets would have been "draws." It may be added that the second bet is but little understood. Many persons fancy that the tieing score should make a draw of it, on the same principle that if A expressly bet that he would beat B, and B in turn expressly bet that he would beat (not merely tie) A, a tie would make a stand-off of the wager. But in this case A has virtually given the odds of two to one, and he is not to be exempt from loss because the odds have, as between them, made his bet a draw of it with a score of 5 to 5. A's club, so far from doing all that he bargained for, has done but one-half of it. The only thing that could save B would be the inability of his clubs to play five innings, owing to rain or darkness or a mutual agreement to suspend play. There may be forty or a hundred innings to enable him to win, but five are sufficient to make him a loser, the least number constituting a *legal* and binding game, though it takes nine to make a *full* game, and may take more to make a decisive game as between the clubs. The same game that is indecisive as between the two clubs is not necessarily so as between the bettors. Ordinary bets go as the game goes, but extraordinary bets, such as this 2 to 1 business, do not always.

READER, Winchester.—George Holland, a celebrated comedian, died in this city Dec. 20, 1870, and Joseph Jefferson, upon behalf of the bereaved family, applied to Rev. W. T. Sabine of the Church of the Atonement, corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-eighth street, where that and Mr. Holland had been his lifetime frequently attended, for the use of that edifice for the funeral ceremonies. Rev. W. T. Sabine refused the use of the church, and declined to officiate at the funeral upon the ground that the late Mr. Holland had been an actor. He incidentally remarked that "at a little church around the corner they might do it." Mr. Jefferson then applied to the Rev. Dr. Houghton of the Church of the Transfiguration (Episcopal), on the northerly side of Twenty-ninth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues, for the use of that church for the purpose, and it immediately accorded. The funeral took place there, the Rev. Dr. Houghton officiating, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. The unchristian like conduct of the Rev. Mr. Sabine created much comment in the public journals and in social circles, and from that time the Church of the Transfiguration has been known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." The funerals of nearly all well-known professionals (save those of the Catholic faith) who have since died in this city have taken place at this edifice.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—We have records of twenty-one circuses, etc., traveling this season. These are P. T. Barnum's, Van Amburgh & Co.'s, John Robinson's, Adam Forepaugh's, Mooney's, Cole Bros.', Sells Bros.', W. W. Cole's, Burr Robbins', the New York State Circus (Alex. Robinson's), Howe's London, John H. Murray's, the Roman Hippodrome (Cirtis, De Haven & Haight), the Australian, the Great Eastern, Pavilion, Hilliard & Butler's Pacific, the United States, Dan Rice's, Hamilton & Sargent's New York, Sells Brothers', the French and American Circus (Theodore Loyall, director), and the Metropolitan Olympiad.

G. S., Harlem.—Anne Boleyn's father was Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Viscount Rochford. Boleyn's wife, Elizabeth, was the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. On her trial she was indicted for committing adultery with a number of persons, among whom her own brother, Lord Rochford, is supposed to have been included. She made confessed story from the latter statement in regard to Lord Rochford, her brother, and the similarity between her father's title and his.

J. S., Edenburg.—The value of extraordinary diamonds is largely fictitious. Place them in the market, and nothing like what they are supposed to be worth could be got for them. The most valuable one we have ever read of was one from Brazil and sent to Portugal. At first it was valued at £224,000,000. After experts got through "estimating" it, it was brought down to only £400,000. The Kohinoor is "estimated" as worth £2,000,000.

R. A. HASKINS, Winnipeg.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought 42 rounds in 2 hours 20 minutes. Heenan's seconds were Jack Macdonald and Jim Cusick; Sayers', Harry Brunton and Jimmy Welsh. Heenan stood 6ft. 1¼in., and on that day weighed 13st.; Sayers, 8st. 8¾in., and is said to have then scaled 161lb. 2. Sayers fought a longer battle than the longest being with Harry Poulson—3h. 8min., 109 rounds.

3. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC contains that information.

D. B. C., Lewiston.—Mlle. Aimee is a French woman. 2. About 38. 3. We have no opinion to offer. 4. There is no book generally accepted, etc. You will find the rules of quoits in Ed. James' (see his card) "Manual of Sporting Rules," for 50 cents. Rules as to the other games may be found in "American Hoyle," which the same party can furnish you.

A. M. MOYNIHAN.—1. Sullivan and Secor fought on Staten Island, N. Y. H., 67 rounds being contested, Jan. 24, 1842. Sullivan was seconded by Country McCluskey and Bill Ford; Secor by Abe Henderson and Frank Speight. 2. We have no record of his death. 3. Both men lived in this city at the time, we believe. 4. Will try to answer in our next.

J. CARLOS, Rosedale.—According to the biographies of Shakespeare, he was not educated for the Catholic priesthood. He received his early education in a "free school, probably in Stratford, and at an early age, it is thought, he entered the office of some lawyer. His religious belief is not known.

G. M. K., Elk City.—1. Goldsmith Maid was foaled in 1857. 2. American Girl's best time was 2:16¾. 3. Dexter was foaled in 1858. 4. Dan Rice's horse "Excelsior" (the original) died some years ago. Another horse was at once substituted.

A CLIPPER READER, St. Louis.—He made $5. The first price, $50, represents the only known value of the horse. The second price, $100, represents what he would have sold him back for, $40, and what he sold him for the second time, $48.

CONSTANT READER.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents. 2. The fastest passage on record between Sandy Hook and Queenstown is 7 days 11 hours 37 minutes, by the White Star steamer Germanic, leaving Queenstown April 5, and arriving at this port April 13.

GREENE, Boston.—The player was entitled to the exposed card, or in this case it was his privilege to reject it and call for a new deal. The dealer, having made the exposure, had nothing to say.

HAMLET, Brewsters.—As we were not present at the performance named, we cannot say. We cannot undertake to furnish a correct list of all the riders who threw forward somersaults.

J. B. S., Oneida.—The one crossing the crack should win, though in some quarters the thing would be called a tie. Practice varies in Jersey, and the game died out here many years ago.

ELLA, Swan, Ind.—There is such a marked difference between the poem and the note accompanied by it, that it seems unlikely that they are the composition of the same person.

T. G. W., Charlotte.—It stands for runs; 1B for first-base hits; P.O. for total players put out; A for total assistance rendered in putting players out; and E for the total fielding errors committed.

S. H., Nashville.—1. Mr. Sothern began an engagement in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 23, 1876. 2. There is no periodical published in this city containing drama.

MAC DOUGAL.—There are numerous people engaged with circuses whose names are not given to the public, therefore we cannot say. We never heard of a professional circus performer by the name of Eva Lee or Lee.

E. M. S., Loveland.—1. It is impossible to state where and when the first circus performance was given in this country, or where and when the first dramatic company performed. 2. We do not care for the carts.

B. H. S.—There is no performer in Barnum's, or any other circus, who is a double somersault, who has a riding around the arena standing upon the back of a horse.

L. G., Stanton.—When you do not see her whereabouts in our amusement summary, a letter addressed in care of this office will reach her.

M. A. H., Philadelphia.—1. Annie Ward Tiffany is still living. 2. Miss Effie Ellsler is not married. Her home is in Cleveland, O. 3. About 22 years of age.

F. B., Washington.—That does not make a jack-pot of it. The jack pot should have been already made, and the passing continued from there.

COATS, Philadelphia.—1. See CLIPPER ALMANAC of this year for a list of theatres destroyed by fire. 2. About forty-three.

E. K. C., Baltimore.—It was not indicated that he was dead. It was merely indicated that he had contributed to the columns of the sporting press.

S. S. S., Springfield.—It is about a tie. The greater efficiency of the one makes it practically quite as large as that of the other.

SALT LAKE.—As the cur-box did not call for an eight, all call-bets should be off. Banks, however, make rules to suit themselves.

A READER, Chicago.—We presume that she is in your city now. A letter addressed in care of this office should reach her.

B. AND D., Council Bluffs.—No answers by telegraph. Adelaide Ristori is a tragedienne. She was never on the operatic stage.

N. J. AND S. M., Dallas.—P. T. Barnum's Circus, Menagerie, etc., began its season in Brooklyn, on March 26, 1878, in the Rink, Sixty-third street and Third avenue, this city.

J. M., Portland.—We do not decide bets as to the wealth of individuals or corporations. The "bottom facts" are never ascertainable.

GEORGE, Boston.—1. Any carpenter who has seen pedestal dancing can make a pedestal for you. 2. About four feet. 3. The top should be of smooth stone.

JIM.—We showed it to "Our Jim," and he disclaims having written it; hence, you will escape the lad's displeasure if we omit it.

RED PLUME, New Haven.—1. Yes; if you call them editors. 2. He was in this city about a year ago, and since then we have heard of him as being in Chicago.

TOM MASON.—Valentine's Manual gives the distance as a trifle short of two miles and a half. As the bet has not been stated, this does not go as a decision.

MAC, Milwaukee.—1. A wins. 2. You cannot deduct the four dollars from the stake-money. The bet is one of honor, and you must trust to his honor to pay it.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS, Dayton.—A won on his high, having made the five he gave. So it is don-pedro-sancho. China will be 11th. Turkey and Russia will be added next.

E. D. G., Toronto.—Yes; provided he has not rowed for money, nor with or against professionals for a prize, and is not otherwise disqualified by the amateur definitions.

C. A. S.—1. Watch our variety summary, or address letters to them in care of this office. 2. They send regularly every week for their letters.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—Nowalt Mr. Faulkner, a veteran amateur, who can be found at the counting-room of *The Commercial Advertiser*, this city.

RANKIE.—The Louisville-Cincinnati 8-5-9-0 game having been adjudged illegal, all bets thereon are void, except possibly those in pools.

F. W. Syracuse.—No answers by mail. Address a letter to him in care of this office.

TOM A., Astoria.—Get Webster's Dictionary (unabridged) and Kerl's Grammar.

SATURDAY, Cincinnati.—B can either "call" with a dollar or "raise" A's bet.

LION.—The last trick should count but ten; but "double pedro" is played in all sorts of shapes.

H. W., Evansville.—Not having specified distance, he is neither right nor wrong.

H. H. S., Johnstown.—Three treys and two sixes count eighteen.

H. F. P., Fort Riley.—1. The three treys and two fours beat the three treys and two aces. 2. Four, we believe.

C. S., St. Louis.—Indeed. Mason & Co., 84 Dearborn street, Chicago.

CRUMBAUGH, Concord.—4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 6 make a run of five for the player in the third hand, as well as for the player in the first. 2. Rochester.—According to our rule, that party won who bet on the Alleghenys.

C. R. & F. S.—Mayor William F. Havemeyer died at the City Hall, this city, Nov. 30, 1874.

LOWELL.—2 to 0 is not the equivalent of 2 to 1. It is quite evident that it is more than 2 to 1.

EXCITABLE.—The Registrar general in July, 1878, *estimated* the population of London at 3,945,160.

J. O. B., Yankton.—Sancho takes precedence of pedro. A will win if he take it in sancho.

J. K. L., Duluth.—He has as yet made no arrangements to visit St. Paul, Minn.

TRUTH, Philadelphia.—You are quite old enough. See some manager personally, and try and get an engagement.

H. S., Newark.—A book of that kind, if not the exact title, can be procured through Ed. James, whose card see.

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F. H. S., Washington.—The libraries in your city are full of books containing information as to those States.

W. S., Grantsville.—When it is agreed to play straight flushes they will beat four aces.

DAN R., Old City.—Each party has been heard, and we prefer not to prolong the discussion.

V. S. D. & W. F. Smith, comedian, died in St. Louis, Mo., April 21, 1871.

WATERTOWN.—The Chicagos fly the championship pennant for the first time in their history.

J. G., Louisville.—Of course, Chapman belongs to the Louisville Club, if any of the nine does.

TOM, Boston.—E. Pillot is Mme. Jennaschek's manager. It is not certain what that lady will do next season.

NOBELIA.—Address a letter to him in care of *The Era*, No. 6 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng.

P. W.—The game is a "send card, unless the contrary is agreed upon by consent of *all* parties.

READER, Philadelphia.—1. Gen. McClellan was not. 2. John A. Roebling at first, and after his death his son.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Gen. George A. Custer graduated from West Point in 1861.

J. H. B., Pensacola.—Address John Pyne, seller of old books and prints, Nassau street, this city.

A. S.—The German Peace Celebration, in this city, occurred on April 10, 1871.

TOM AND DICK, Salem.—Faulkner and Reagan won the pair-oared race at the Centennial regatta.

W. MCLAUGHLIN, Millerstown.—If any such exists, it is held by James Ownie, the champion.

E. S., Warren.—We are not aware of his being there. Have you not confounded him with Frank Kilsby?

ESQUIRER.—No woman ever walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours.

AUBURN.—Thanks for the offer. Will be pleased to receive reports.

LAS. A. KINGSTON, Phila.—The Derby Stakes will to run for at Epsom, Eng., May 30.

WM. ALEXAS, Clinton.—Watch our columns for the names, which will appear when the nine is complete.

G. W.—We keep no complete record of amateur societies in this city.

PATERSON.—The St. Louis plays the Hartfords at Brooklyn June 16 and 18, and the Chicagos play them on the 19th.

CARL, Chester.—1. Certainly not. 2. Yes; the man would be out.

CARLTWAMPUM, Louisville.—Seventy-five cents for each insertion.

MRS. F. L. T., Burlington.—No answers by mail. We have advertised your letter for her.

DECLINED.—"The Farmer's Story." "O'Brien's Pledge." "He's Dead, and Never Called Me Mother!"

L., Cambridge.—Please to state your terms, as we do not know what may be your expenses.

EUSTACHE, Ashland.—We know of no school for teaching riding and tumbling.

SUBSCRIBER, Lonsdale.—Heenan fought King once only.

S. B., Rochester.—See article on amateurship contests.

SHOWMAN, Springfield.—See answer to "Springfield, Ill."

J. F., Wheeling.—1. Lulu, 2:18. 2. Goldsmith Maid, 2:14.

E. C. R., Springfield.—Two sixes cannot be built to eight.

INQUIRER.—Inquire at the office, Forty-second street.

A READER.—See answer to "Reader, Winchester."

G. W. Y.—Your card costs $6.24 for three months.

T. J. R., Boston.—Play it with a ball of paper.

G. W. Y.—Ad. costs $6.24 for three months.

C. J.—Highest euchre card, which is jack.

E. N.—Mud du Lac.—Bis-cuit on his high.

FRANKLIN.—You were out on the call.

CASINO.—He can call out at once.

E. M. Now Orleans.—M is right.

G. A. L., Mt. Kisco.—A is right.

J. M., St. John.—It is no bet.

BOOKWORM.—They would not.

DRAMATIST.—Three dollars.

ARGUMENT.—The Jack.

THE CIRCUS SEASON.

Of all things which revive under the balmy influence of Spring, from the crocus to the millinery business, there is nothing so pleasantly suggestive to the younger portion of humanity as the circus. Fitting is it that it should blossom into yearly existence along with the flowers, and come with the coming of the birds. It is one of the bright things of earth that sheds a radiance over the juvenile life, and leaves a fragrant memory in after years. Are we disposed to grow poetical over the sawdust-ring? Behold how practically, not to say prosaically, we can treat this subject:

It has been a hard Winter—that is a good, practical beginning. Showmen, like all other men, have suffered more or less directly from the depression of the times. Our circus performers are not apt to be overstocked with riches, and even under the most favorable conditions it is often a difficult matter to bridge over the Winter months in idleness. The opening of another season, therefore, is regarded as a sort of providential event by the followers of the sawdust-ring. It opens up the opportunity for work, and brings with it pleasant visions of comfortable salaries and the excitement of life "on the road." There must be a peculiar charm to that sort of existence; for, with all its hardships and discomfort, few of those who have once lived this life can be persuaded to relinquish it. An old circus performer feels as much out of his element, if he is forced to remain inactive and unemployed during the Summer months, as the orthodox Jack Tar is supposed to feel on dry land. The stir and bustle and excitement of the road seem to compensate for any amount of privation and hard work. The words of the song, "There is no place like home," are undeniably true; but it is to be remembered that our circus friends look upon the canvas tent as their "home"—and accordingly believe that "there is no place like it." For this reason, the opening of the tenting season is hailed with delight by the members of the circus profession. The early months of Spring make a busy time, alike for managers and performers. Companies are made up, engagements effected, the paraphernalia put in order, and all the complicated machinery of a traveling show set to running. Those who have had no experience in such matters can but poorly appreciate the amount of work involved in getting a circus onto the road. The Winter sometimes plays the mischief with a manager's property; and, when the Spring rolls round, the gorgeous band-chariot is found to need new gilding, the canvas presents some ugly holes, the seats cry out for a fresh coat of paint, the centre-poles—it wouldn't do nowadays to talk about the centre-*pole*, because that would reflect upon managerial enterprise, which is not content with anything less than six poles, all of them "centres"—the centre-poles are broken, and everything, in short, requires "touching up" preparatory to starting out for the season. To look after the thousand and one little details connected with the circus business calls for a clear head and an active brain, without which a manager is pretty sure to go under the wheels.

Here in the city we get an occasional taste of circus performances, but it is in the country that the tent-show is seen to best advantage. There the coming of a circus is something that is looked forward to with eager interest. People flock the streets to witness the procession, and small boys watch the erection of the canvas with a critical eye as to the possibilities of effecting an entrance without paying the price of admission. Every man connected with the show is looked upon with profound wonder, while the clown is regarded with a feeling akin to reverence. The performance is talked about for weeks afterwards, and the marvelous feats of the riders and gymnasts are remembered and admired until another company makes its appearance. The country pays a sincerer homage to the sawdust-ring than the metropolis can find time to do—even when the sawdust-ring assumes the classic grandeur of a Hippodrome. Every country-bred boy keeps thoroughly posted as to the opening of the tenting season, and he welcomes the first circus with a warmth at once natural and hearty. It is doubtful whether the average youngster ever feels that he gets the worth of his money so fully as when he purchases a ticket for the circus.

Since the variety show has attained to such widespread popularity, many of the performers who travel with circus companies are enabled to secure engagements during the Winter months. Thus, to a certain extent, the variety entertainment has done away with that sharply-drawn line which separated employment from idleness. In other words, a skillful gymnast is not obliged to wait until the opening of the tenting-season before he can secure an engagement. The services of trapeze and horizontal-bar performers are in lively demand at hall-shows as well as in the ring. And that word "trapeze" suggests a thought pertinent to the season, viz., the feminine element in our modern circuses. Verily, woman has asserted her rights here, if nowhere else. We have the gentler sex performing pretty much all those feats which were once considered exclusively masculine; and, what is most humiliating to us—the lords of creation—performing them with grace and skill. In the list of circus performers who make up the various companies for the present season will be found the names of many women, some of whom command salaries fully as large as the men, and with characteristic gallantry we hasten to add that this is eminently proper. Together with this increased element of the fair sex, there is also noticeable the growing tendency to combine under one management a menagerie and a circus, thus uniting instruction with amusement. So far as our own observation goes, the amusement is generally relished with considerable more zest than is the instruction—which is why the morally inclined spectator takes a passing glance at the Sacred Bull of India, and then makes a rush for a seat where he can witness the ring performance to good advantage. Yet nobody need stay away from the circus because of conscientious scruples. The exhibitions given in the arena—we were determined to bring in that word sooner or later—are graceful, entertaining, often thrilling, and always innocent. If anybody is honestly opposed to gymnastic exercises, let him be consistent, and refuse to attend Brother Talmage's meetings.

That the present season may be in all respects a successful one for our circus friends is THE CLIPPER'S sincere wish. May fair skies smile upon the white canvas, and, wherever the tents are pitched, may they be thronged with appreciative and paying spectators. May the performers meet with no accident, and may the managers find no cause for complaint. In the menageries, may the giraffe be delivered from sore-throat, and the Polar bear be furnished with an abundance of ice. May no pewter half-dollars be taken at the ticket-wagon; and, above all, may no two shows find themselves billed for the same town on the same day. With these, and many more kindred good wishes, we watch the circus set forth with the sounding of trumpets and beating of drums; and may the sunlight of prosperity attend the gilded chariots and gayly-painted wagons, so that — but there, we promised not to grow poetical.

A WORD IN BEHALF OF THE MANLY ART.—Rev. Wm. R. Alger, in his work on the life of Edwin Forrest, pays a just tribute to athletic sports, of which the tragedian was a great admirer, and thus truthfully refers to the science of manual-defense, in which Mr. Forrest took a deep interest:

During his second year in New York he took a series of lessons in boxing. He felt a great interest in this art, became a redoubtable proficient in its practice, and was ever an earnest and open admirer of its prominent heroes. Those who feel this to be discreditable to him will find on reflection, if they think fairly, that it was, on the contrary, a credit to him. * * * Surely it is better to be a perfect animal than an imperfect one. When all things are in harmony the finest corporeal condition is the basis for the highest spiritual power. A champion is finished training, with his perfected form, his marble skin, clear, unflinching eyes, corky tread, and indomitable pluck, is a thrilling sight. When the crowd see him, their enthusiasm vents itself in a shout of delight. His mauling his adversary into a disfigured mass of jelly is indeed frightful and loathsome; but that is not the proper function, not the proper fruition, of his high estate. The functional power of his bearing is magnificent. *He is in a good condition of godlike potency.* It is a higher thing to admire this glorious wealth of force, ease and courage than to despise it. Personal gifts of strength, skill, fearlessness, are certainly desirable on any level in preference to the corresponding defects. To turn away from them with disgust is a morbid weakness, not a proof of fine superiority. While in this world we cannot escape the physical level of our constitution, however much we may build above it, is it not plainly best, as far as possible, to perfect ourselves on every level of our nature? An Admirable Crichton, able to surpass everybody on all the successive heights of human accomplishments, from fencing with swords to fencing with words, in the dialectics, cannot be held, except by a mawkish judgment, as inferior to a Kirke White writing verses of pale piety while dying of consumption brought on by overstimulus of literary ambition.

NOW THAT WE HAVE fairly entered upon the sporting season, it is pleasant to record that the outlook in all directions is most promising. THE CLIPPER'S good wishes go forth to every form of manly amusement. Success to the ball-field, and may every player come out of the season's campaign with unbroken fingers and a clean score. Success to the turf, and may neither the sulkies nor the trotters "break." Success to the oarsmen, and may they pull every race without catching a crab. Success to the yachtsmen, and may their graceful craft be both dauntless and victorious. Success to the pedestrians, and may their feet accomplish whatsoever feat they undertake, and all their walks lead straight to fame and fortune. Success to our marksmen, and may every charge bring down a bird, and not a shot be wasted. Success to our anglers, and whenever they drop a line may they receive a speedy response from the too-confiding fish. Success, glorious and triumphant success, to our American Rifle-team, and may they continue to cause John Bull's eye to open wide by hitting John's bull's-eye with unerring accuracy. Success, in short, to all the aspirants for honors in the sporting world. May the season upon which we have entered be memorable for its worthy achievements, and may it be free from disappointment and accident alike. THE CLIPPER will be pleased to chronicle whatever is done in the way of successful effort, and its columns will continue to afford a complete and accurate record of all sporting events.

A SINGULAR CASE occurred in one of the London courts recently. The proprietor of a Punch-and-Judy show was arrested on the charge of picking pockets. In his possession was found a gold watch and chain which were identified as belonging to the man who made the complaint. The prisoner asserted his innocence, but obstinately refused to tell how he came in possession of the watch. Just as he was about to receive his sentence, a young woman stepped forward and announced herself as the culprit. Her story was that she had stolen the watch and chain and given them to the man, who was her husband, telling him that she had found them on the street. His refusal to disclose the manner in which he had obtained the articles was made to shield his wife from punishment; and she, in turn, voluntarily confessed the crime in order to save her husband. Here was a touching illustration of self-sacrifice which Dickens might have immortalized. And the best part of the story is that the man from whom the watch was stolen refused to enter a complaint against the woman.

SIR CHARLES ROSS the younger is still among the missing, and, should he fail to turn up soon, the ten thousand dollars reward offered by Mr. Barnum will be just so much money lost to our amateur and professional detectives. *We* thought of offering ten or eleven thousand dollars reward for the arrest of Charley Ross when he first disappeared; but the cares of business must have driven it from our mind, for we do not seem to have thought of it since. Barnum, having nothing else to think about, now comes up smiling. It has been nearly two years since Charles quietly left the scene of his boyhood's home at Germantown.

THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN Anton Leon, who some time ago made a murderous assault upon his daughter, Rose Massimino, was sentenced on the 17th inst., in the Kings County Court, to *one year* in the penitentiary. We are not advised that an apology was tendered Leon for thus putting him away for a short time. It was fortunate that his victim was his daughter instead of a policeman, else he might be keeping Coburn company in the State-prison for ten years!

SOMEHOW the balls don't seem to run smoothly for the Chicago Baseball Club, and with characteristic ferocity the press out there says some very harsh things about the players. When the Boston's took the Chicagos into camp, on the 16th inst., with the score of 1 to 0, a howl went up that must have been like gall and wormwood to the defeated champions. The Mills of "Chicago" grind slowly, and they grind exceedingly fine—scores!

ONCE MORE we have been assaulted. A man in New Hampshire by the name of Penn met the editor of a local newspaper, and undertook to cowhide him on the street. Thereupon we drew our sword, which was carried concealed in a cane, and inflicted righteous punishment upon the assault-and-batterer. It is needless to remark that this was a case where the Penn did *not* prove mightier than the sword!

THE WAR between Russia and Turkey is going on all right, with the *peaceful* nations standing by to see that there is no gouging, nor biting, nor kicking a feller when he's down. The report that Great Britain *dosed* Russia while spunging him off after the first round is not credited in peaceful circles!

THOUGHTLESS people should begin to save up for the Fourth of July, now fast approaching. We have known many a man to pass a wretched Fourth just because he failed to lay by a few ducats in season.

NO MATTER in what part of a large city a man may be at work, no matter how great the din may be around him, his tried and trusty ear never fails to recognize the shriek of the whistle at noon time!

DURING the hot spell last week we kept nice and cool by reading about the snowdrifts that still infest New Hampshire. You can also keep cool by just wearing a white necktie.

FUNNY NOBODY thought of it before, but the men who settled the Presidential question held the power of a *king*, because they were the *potent eight!*

IT IS SAID that Bigot had an order to furnish eighty gallons of ice-cream for the Carnival ball, and sold only two gallons. This was a big go out for Bigot!

BETS are now being made as to whether Mexico or France will be first in starting the next revolution. The odds are slightly in favor of Mexico!

SERGEANT BATES may find a new field for his activity and the American flag by studying our maps of the seat of war in Europe and Asia Minor!

POOL-SELLING in this State is supposed to be defunct; and what is our loss is Philadelphia's gain. Alas!

SOME YEARS AGO the New York sensation was Bill Poole—this year it is the Pool Bill!

MOSQUITOES will soon be in season. The voice of the turtle is also heard in the land.

IT ISN'T the "Oriental Question" that troubles so many people, but the *one rental!*

THE DUST on Broadway *settles* every week.

THE ATHLETES OF AMHERST.—The Spring games of the Amherst (Mass.) College Athletic Association were held May 18, with the results herewith given: Quarter-mile run—F. E. Sibley, '77, won; time, 1m. 53s. Throwing the baseball—W. W. Leete, '78, 360ft. 10in. Three-mile walk—Howard Tracey, '79; time, 30m. 21s. Running wide jump—W. W. Leete, '77, 16ft. 5in. Mile run—George Kress, '77; time, 5m. 22s. Half-mile run—H. K. White, '80; time, 2m. 28s.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On May 14: Edward M. Smith, tried for the murder of the Trim family at Buckaport, Me., was convicted of murder in the first degree..... Five men were injured, two dangerously, by the fall of a wall at St. Louis, Mo.....At Bloomsburg, Pa., Hester, Tully and McHugh were sentenced to be hung for the murder of Alex. Rea, nine years ago.....Ex-President Grant held a reception in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.....President Hayes was present at the 109th annual banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce.....Mary McGaffrey was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed in the tunnel at Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., where she was visiting her son.....Sixty miners who had replaced strikers were poisoned, some fatally, by parties unknown, at Streator, Ill. .....The murderer of Frank Brosser at Brandon, Vt., was identified as Charles Williams, from Bristol, Eng.....The American brig C. C. Bearce was reported to have been wrecked. Five of the crew were saved.

*** May 15: President Hayes unveiled the statue of Halleck in Central Park, N. Y. City..... The Carnival held in this city was a failure..... At Carson, Nevada, Hon. Chas. H. Bryan was choked to death by a piece of meat lodging in his throat.....The steamboat Sandy No. 2 struck a snag near New Orleans, La., and sunk, boat and cargo being a total loss. Three of the crew were believed to have been drowned..... Cable news: A boiler on the French frigate La Ravanche exploded at Ville Franche, two persons being killed and sixty wounded, twenty mortally. Sixteen Bulgarian villages were reported to have been pillaged and burned by the Turks. A Russian army corps crossed the Danube and entered the Dobrudja. The Turks bombarded Sakum-Kaleh, in the Caucasus, and with the help of the citizens drove the Russians from the town. A collision had occurred between the Turkish troops and the Greek insurgents near Armyros. .....Miss Cornelia Chisholm died from injuries received in the affray in Kemper County, Miss., in which her father and others were fatally wounded.....The Coroner's jury in the Wadesville, Pa., colliery disaster censured bosses and men for using open lamps.....Destructive forest fires were reported as prevailing in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and other States, and in different parts of Canada. Other fires: the Rochester (N. Y.) paper-mills—loss over $80,000, insured; a block of eight frame-buildings at Harrison, N. J.—loss $25,000.....Jerry Sullivan, a miner, was dangerously shot by a burglar at Lockport, N. Y.

*** May 16: Ex-County-treasurer Mann of Ballston Spa, N. Y., was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for forgery in the third degree..... Cable news: In consequence of a difference between Sir Bartle Frere and McMahon in regard to the Press Laws, Jules Simon resigned as President of the Council and Minister of the Interior. The entire Ministry subsequently resigned, and President McMahon announced that he would form a new Ministry from the members of the Right. The Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Guibert, in a pastoral, announced that he would not have been accompanied by loss of life or shipping. War vessels belonging to England guard the Suez-canal entrance at Port Said. Austria declared that, if the agitation continues, she will occupy Siberia. The American ship Shelter Island, the first vessel to refuse to bear arms against Russia, and will therefore remain in Egypt. English interference in that country is generally looked for.....Frederick Twint, aged 47, committed suicide at Baltimore, Md.....Mrs. Klumpf, aged 73, killed herself by falling down stairs.....Peter McVey was killed while trying to jump on a freight-train at Dewitt, N. Y.....Jas. M. Howard, aged 27, of Olcott, N. Y., committed suicide by shooting in this city.

*** May 17: Patrick Quigley was hanged at Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, for the murder of his wife.....Max Horman, age 18, was fatally poisoned by a person unknown in this city.....Ex-President Grant, his wife and son Jesse sailed from Philadelphia for Europe.....Cable-dispatches: The new French Ministry is as follows: President of Council and Minister of Justice, Duc de Broglie; Interior, M. De Fourton; Minister of Berthaud; Foreign Affairs, Due Decazes; Marine, M. Fournichon; Finance, Eugene Caillaux; Agriculture and Commerce, Viscount Meaux; Public Instruction, M. Bounet; Public Works, Auguste Paris. The capture of Sookgoom Kale and the rising of the Circassians, who massacred the garrison and burned the town, are officially announced. The Sultan has determined on the admission of Christians into the army.....At Louisville, Ky., W. C. D. Whips was acquitted of the murder of John W. Stockton.....Anton Leon, who assaulted his married daughter in Brooklyn, N. Y., was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.....A fight took place at Goodstock, N. B., caused a loss of about $300,000, partially insured.....Dana Phipps of Hollidon, Mass., aged 80, drowned himself while temporarily insane.....Mrs. Jay Niles hung herself at Pownal, Vt.

*** May 18: Samuel Orr was executed at Mount Vernon, Mo., for the murder of Mr. Davis, a farmer.....Charles Fourney paid the death-penalty at Americus, Ga. He murdered Mrs. Caraway. .....The Omnibus Bill, making provision for the municipal government of this city, was vetoed by the Governor.....The Mexican Minister and his Cabinet and their wives were invited to attend the decoration of the graves of the Federal dead at Chattanooga, Tenn., by the soldiers of both armies, on May 30.....Cable news: With a view to incite revolt in the Caucasian provinces, the Turks were sending arms and rifles to them. Serbia was said to be willing to enter into an alliance with Russia, provided she is subsidized. Prince Hassan, son of the Khedive, was about to leave Cairo for Constantinople with six thousand Egyptians. Seventeen ships have been lost and forty damaged on the coast of Peru, Chili, ...Mardieff's Bank, at Circleville, O., suspended; liabilities $80,000, assets $100,000..... Louis Reno, aged 19, John

INDIANAPOLIS vs. HARTFORD.

Poor fielding and delicate umpiring gave the Hartfords a victory at Indianapolis, Ind., May 17. It was an off-day for the Blues. Quest was sick, and took part in the game against the advice of his physician. In the first inning, for the Hartfords, Start took first on Warner's fumble of his hot grounder; then, Burdock having struck three times, Flint dropped the ball for a double-play, and, having too much time, he leisurely picked it up again and threw it away over Quest's head to Mcsorley in centre-field, giving both men their bases. Ferguson then sent up a high-fly, which Quest muffed in right-field, letting Burdock in. The Blues tied the score in the third inning; Seward took first on called balls, second on a passed ball, and was brought home by Quest's rattling base-hit to centre. In this inning, while Larkin was at the bat, a tremendous foul-tip struck Flint, who was playing close behind the bat, square on the top of the head, and, bounding high in the air, was taken by Nolan in his position, putting the striker out on a foul-fly. In the sixth inning, with two men out and the bases full, Burdock came to the bat, and, having discovered he could not hit Nolan, made no attempt to strike; and, notwithstanding Flint stood right behind the plate, and held his hands just where Burdock called for the ball and Nolan pitched it square into them every time, he was given his base, thus sending home the winning run.

INDIANAPOLIS.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.	5	0	1	1	3	2	Holdsw'rth, c f	5	0	1	2	0	0
Mcsorley, c f	5	0	0	1	0	0	Hall, l. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Mack, s. s.	5	0	0	1	0	0	Latham, 1b.	4	2	0	9	0	0
Mack, c.	5	0	0	5	2	0	Burdock, 2b.	5	0	1	5	2	0
Houtz, 1st b.	3	0	0	15	0	0	Hague, 3d b.	4	1	0	3	1	0
Golden, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Carey, c.	5	1	2	2	2	0
Golden, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Ferguson, 3b.	5	2	2	2	2	0
Flint, c.	3	0	0	3	0	2	Schaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Warner, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	5	1	York, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Seward, r. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	Cassiday, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Seward, r. f.	3	1	0	0	2	1	Harbidge, c.	3	1	2	7	1	1
Nolan, p.	5	1	1	0	11	3	Larkin, p.	4	0	0	1	2	2
Totals.	39	4	3	27	24	6	Totals.	39	7	12	27	15	3

INDIANAPOLIS.	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1—4
HARTFORD.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—4

First-base umpire—Bruce. Base-umpire—Flint and Quest; Flint, Mack, Houtz and Quest.

HARTFORD vs. LOUISVILLE.

Better batting and errors committed by Crowley won for the Hartfords a game played at Louisville, Ky., May 18.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsw'rth, c f	5	1	3	3	0	0	Hall, l. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Start, 1st b.	5	1	4	9	1	0	Latham, 1b.	4	2	0	9	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	5	0	1	5	2	0	Hague, 3d b.	4	1	0	3	1	0
Carey, c.	5	1	2	2	2	0	Ferguson, 3b.	5	2	2	2	2	0
Ferguson, 3b.	5	2	2	2	2	0	Schaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
York, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0	Gerhardt, 2b.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Cassiday, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Craver, s. s.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Harbidge, c.	5	2	2	1	0	0	Snyder, c.	3	0	0	5	1	0
Allison, c.	5	2	1	4	2	0	Crowley, c. f.	3	1	3	0	2	0
Totals.	46	12	19	27	9	2	Totals.	32	7	7	27	8	3

Hartford	0	5	6	0	0	0	0	1	0—12
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

First base on errors—Louisville, 2; Hartford, 2. Runs earned—Louisville, 2; Hartford, 6. Balls called—on Devlin, 8; Cassidy, 17. Strikes called—off Devlin, 24; Cassidy, 19. Two-base hits—Craver, Latham, Carey, Harbidge and Allison. Three-base hit—Hall. Double-plays—Hague, Gerhardt and Latham, Burdock and Start. Umpire, Hallissey. Time, 2h.

Outplaying them at all points, the Louisvilles on the 19th obtained a victory over the Hartfords. Score:

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, l. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0	Holdsw'rth, c f	5	0	2	0	0	1
Latham, 1b.	5	0	2	13	0	2	Start, 1st b.	5	1	2	12	0	1
Devlin, p.	5	1	2	1	3	0	Burdock, 2b	4	1	2	2	3	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	2	2	2	2	0	Carey, s. s.	4	1	1	3	3	0
Cafferty, c.	5	0	0	0	0	0	Ferguson, 3b.	4	1	2	1	1	1
Gerhardt, 2d b.	5	1	3	2	2	1	York, l. f.	4	0	1	7	1	0
Craver, s. s.	4	1	1	2	3	0	Cassiday, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Snyder, c.	5	1	1	5	1	0	Harbidge, c. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Crowley, 2b.	4	1	3	1	2	2	Allison, c.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Totals.	44	9	17	27	11	6	Totals.	38	5	10	27	7	3

Louisville	1	0	2	0	0	5	1	0	0—9
Hartford	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2—3

First base on errors—Louisville, 3; Hartford, 5. Runs earned—Louisville, 8. Balls called—on Devlin, 12; Cassidy, 12. Strikes called—off Devlin, 19; Cassidy, 19. Two-base hits—Crowley, Holdsworth and Ferguson. Three-base hits—Hall, Latham, Shaffer and York. Left on bases—Louisville, 8; Hartford, 5. Double-plays—Snyder and Latham; Hall, York and Burdock. Umpire, Henry McElwee. Time, 1h. 45m.

ROCHESTER vs. LIVE OAK.

Two games were contested by the Live Oaks of Lynn and the Rochester, N. Y., on the latter's grounds May 14, 15, the first being won by the local team easily, and the second by the visitors from the Bay State.

ROCHESTER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	2	4	1	3	0	Hawkes, 2d b.	0	1	6	3	0
Simmons, c.	2	2	0	1	1	Mason, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Luff, s. s.	0	1	2	2	5	Cummings, p.	0	0	1	0	1
Shattuck, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Adams, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	2
Tipper, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Allen, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Madden, 3d b.	1	1	3	5	1	Reilly, c.	0	0	4	1	0
Caskin, c.	1	1	9	0	0	Warren, s. s.	0	0	3	2	1
Purroy, p.	1	1	1	8	1	Carpenter, c. f.	0	0	0	1	2
Pond, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0	Gafney, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Totals.	7	13	27	21	8	Totals.	0	4	27	9	17

Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikes called—off Purroy, 36; Cummings, 32. Balls called—off Purroy, 26; Cummings, 32. Struck out—Rochester, 4; Live Oak, 8. Double-play—Gafney and Adams, 1. Two-base hit—Brady, 1. Three-base hit—Shattuck, 1. Earned runs—none. Umpire, John Shea. Time, 1h. 30m.

ROCHESTER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	0	1	2	4	0	Hawkes, 2d b.	1	0	3	2	1
Simmons, c.	0	0	1	0	0	Mason, l. f.	0	1	4	0	2
Luff, s. s.	0	0	1	3	3	Cummings, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Shattuck, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Adams, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0
Tipper, l. f.	0	0	2	3	0	Allen, r. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Madden, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	1	Reilly, c.	0	0	6	1	0
Caskin, c.	0	0	1	6	0	Warren, s. s.	0	0	3	3	0
Purroy, p.	0	0	0	6	2	Carpenter, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Pond, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0	Gafney, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	0	1	27	18	6	Totals.	1	2	27	12	5

Live Oak	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikes called—off Purroy, 26; Cummings, 16. Balls called—on Purroy, 14; Cummings, 10. Struck out—Rochester, 2; Live Oak, 8. First base on errors—Rochester, 2; Live Oak, 1. Earned runs—none. Double-plays—Luff, Brady and Pond, 1; Hawkes and Adams, 1. Two-base hit—Luff, 1. Umpire, John Shae. Scorer, F. W. Simonds. Time, 1h. 20.

ERIE vs. LIVE OAK.

On May 16, 17, the Live Oaks of Lynn, Mass., tarried in Erie, Pa., where upon both days they were defeated by the Erie Club. The visitors were unable to hit the balls sent them by Leary, while Cummings was pretty badly pasted. Scores:

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ERIE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2d b.	0	0	3	3	0	Smiley, s. s.	0	1	2	3	2
Mason, l. f.	0	0	4	1	1	Talley, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Cummings, p.	0	0	1	2	0	Ressler, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Adams, 1st b.	0	0	6	0	0	Heifer, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Allen, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Curry, 2d b.	0	2	0	4	1
Morehouse, c.	0	1	7	0	2	Leary, p.	0	0	0	11	1
Warren, s. s.	0	0	2	2	0	Phillips, f.	0	0	0	0	0
Carpenter, c.	0	0	2	0	1	Quinn, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	1
Gafney, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	0	Thompson, c.	1	0	10	1	2
Totals.	0	1	27	9	4	Totals.	3	5	27	18	5

Erie	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0—3
Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikes—off Cummings, 21; off Leary, 53. Earned runs—Erie, 2. Home run—Talley. Umpire, M. J. Fogarty.

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ERIE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	0	Smiley, s. s.	0	2	1	3	2
Mason, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Talley, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Cummings, p.	0	1	2	3	0	Ressler, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Adams, 1st b.	0	0	7	0	0	Heifer, 1st b.	1	2	9	0	0
Allen, r. f.	0	0	1	1	1	Curry, 2d b.	0	1	2	2	1
Reilly, c.	0	0	1	8	1	Leary, p.	0	0	1	6	2
Warren, s. s.	0	0	1	0	2	Phillips, f.	0	1	2	0	0
Carpenter, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Quinn, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	0
Gafney, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	1	Thompson, c.	0	1	10	0	2
Totals.	0	2	27	15	5	Totals.	3	9	27	12	7

Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—3
Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikes—off Cummings, 21; off Leary, 53. Earned runs—Erie, 2. Home run—Talley. Umpire, M. J. Fogarty.

ALLEGHENY vs. CRICKET.

A decidedly good game was the result of the meeting between the Allegheny (Pa.) Club and the Cricket at Binghamton, N. Y., May 18. The home nine outfielded their opponents, but were not so strong at the bat. The special features of the contest were Nicholls' left-handed stop of a grounder, and a one-handed catch by Richmond.

ALLEGHENY.	O.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Nelson, s. s.	2	1	2	1	1	McGuinness, l b	4	0	0	11	0
Williamson, 2 b	3	0	1	0	1	Richmond, s. s.	3	0	0	1	0
Dolan, c.	2	0	1	4	0	Bancroft, c f	3	0	0	2	0
Goodman, 1st b	3	0	1	7	1	Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	1
Nicholls, 3d b.	4	0	0	3	1	Allison, c. f.	3	1	0	2	0
Hobert, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	Kennedy, l. f.	2	0	2	2	0
Cramer, l. f.	3	0	0	3	1	Roche, c.	3	0	0	9	0
McKelvey, c. f.	2	1	1	1	0	Alcott, p.	2	0	0	1	0
Galvin, p.	2	0	0	1	0						
Totals.	27	2	7	27	7	Totals.	27	1	3	27	3

Allegheny	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2
Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Umpire, H. D. Mix. Time, 1h. 45m.

MONTICELLO vs. IRVING.

A finely-played eleven-innings game marked the contest at Jersey City, N. J., on May 18, between the Monticello and Irving Clubs, as the appended score shows:

MONTICELLO.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	IRVING.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Shea, p.	0	1	1	4	1	Tatson, l. f.	0	0	2	1	0
Tipper, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0	Reilly, 3d b.	0	1	4	5	0
Smith, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0	Remsen, s. s.	0	0	5	2	2
Tripp, 2d b.	0	0	4	3	1	Golden, c.	0	1	7	6	4
Gorman, 3d b.	0	1	1	3	2	Williams, p.	0	1	2	4	2
Cummings, s. s.	0	0	0	5	0	McQuade, 1st b.	0	0	9	1	0
Clark, c.	0	0	8	3	1	Alcott, 3d b.	0	0	1	7	1
Mitchell, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Burns, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Cox, 1st b.	1	1	11	1	0	O'Neill, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.	1	6	33	20	4	Totals.	1	4	33	21	10

Mont.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Irving.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Umpire, James Smith of Union College, Schenectady.

RESOLUTE vs. CHELSEA.

The lively-ball game between these clubs of Elizabeth, N. J., and Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 19, played at the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, resulted in the signal defeat of the Resolutes. Duffy pitched in the last four innings.

CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Clare, 3d b.	2	1	1	2	0	Pierson, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Hayes, l. f.	1	2	2	0	1	Farrow, c.	0	1	5	2	0
Laughlin, 2d b.	1	2	3	3	0	Duffy, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Hourigan, c. f.	1	1	2	1	0	Austin, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Rule, p.	3	2	2	1	0	Fallon, p.	0	0	2	1	0
Rosebaud, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0	Dolan, s. s.	0	0	1	2	2
Dunne, 1st b.	2	1	11	0	0	Ricker, 3d b.	0	0	3	4	0
Cocoran, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0	Coyne, 2d b.	1	1	6	0	5
Curran, c.	1	1	8	0	4	Peters, 1st b.	1	2	9	0	0
Totals.	13	14	27	9	5	Totals.	2	6	27	13	8

Chelsea	2	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	6—13
Resolute	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—2

First base by errors—Chelsea, 5; Resolute, 5. Umpire, James Shea of Jersey City. Time, 2h. 21m.

COLLEGE GAMES.

Mutual vs. Williams.

The game between the Mutuals of South Adams, Mass., and Williams College was played on the former's grounds last week, with the following result:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WILLIAMS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
C. Plunkett, 1b.	0	2	7	0	0	Delen, 3d b.	0	0	3	0	2
W. Plunkett, 2b	2	0	2	1	1	Haley, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1
Connors, s. s.	0	1	2	1	1	King, l. f.	1	1	1	0	1
Sloan, c.	1	1	13	1	1	McLaren, 2d b.	2	1	1	0	4
Fitts, 3d b.	1	1	0	1	1	Clark, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Caperoon, p.	0	0	1	2	1	Adrience, c.	0	0	4	3	3
Sanderson, l. f.	1	0	2	0	0	Jewitt, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	1
Conway, r. f.	2	1	0	0	0	Wryte, p.	0	0	3	1	2
Johnson, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Hinckley, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Totals.	8	6	27	6	5	Totals.	5	3	27	10	12

Mutuals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Williams	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Called balls—Wryte, 14; Caperoon, 10. Called strikes—off Wryte, 17; Caperoon, 27. Two-base hits—Connors, 1; McLauren, 1. Umpire, J. Dewey. Time, 1h. 50m.

Chelsea vs. Princeton.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Chelseas went to Princeton, N. J., May 16, and engaged in a game with the University nine, who were beaten by five runs. A lively ball was used, and heavy batting was the order of the day:

PRINCETON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Laughlin, s. s.	1	1	2	4	0	Clare, 3d b.	2	1	1	1	0
Furman, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0	Rosman, s. s.	1	0	0	4	0
J. Denny, c.	1	0	9	1	7	Laughlin, 2d b.	1	2	3	1	0
Kaufman, c. f.	1	1	1	1	0	Hourigan, l. f.	2	2	1	0	1
Ehenny, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0	Rule, p.	0	0	1	3	1
Duffield, l. f.	2	2	0	0	0	Rankin, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Warren, 2d b.	0	1	2	2	0	Dunne, 1st b.	0	1	7	0	0
Smith, p.	0	0	0	7	0	Cocoran, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Jacobs, 3d b.	0	1	1	3	0	Curren, c.	1	1	6	2	4
Totals.	5	8	27	12	15	Totals.	10	10	27	7	9

Princeton	1	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0—5
Chelsea	2	0	2	3	0	0	1	0	2—10

First base by errors—Princeton, 3; Chelsea, 7. Runs earned—Princeton, 0; Chelsea, 1. Umpire, Mr. Bunce of Winona Club.

HARVARD VS. PRINCETON.—On May 19 the Harvard nine met the Princetons on the latter's grounds, at Princeton, N. J., and beat them as follows:

Harvard	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	1—7
Princeton	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	2	0—5

Earned runs—Harvard, 2. Base-hits—Harvard, 7; Princeton, 7. Errors—Harvard, 8; Princeton, 10. Umpire, B. S. Bird of Harvard. Time, 1h. 55m.

HARTFORD VS. TRINITY.—A game between these amateur nines, at Hartford, Ct., May 19, terminated as under:

Hartford	3	2	0	0	0	1	0	2—8
Trinity	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Base-hits—Hartford, 11; Trinity, 4. Errors—Hartford, 5; Trinity, 7. Batteries—Hartford, Cassiday and Harbidge; Trinity, Bissell and Gaffney.

FALL RIVER vs. RHODE ISLAND.

A second victory was on May 19 obtained by the Fall River (Mass.) Club over the Rhode Islands of Providence, the game taking place on the former's grounds.

FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	RHODE ISL'D.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0	Evans, c. f.	0	0	3	1	0
Mutrie, s. s.	1	1	0	6	0	Sweasy, 2d b.	0	1	3	5	3
Canary, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Pearce, s. s.	1	1	1	3	1
Mack, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Sellman, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Libby, 1st b.	0	0	20	0	0	Stone, l. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Hanlon, 3d b.	0	1	0	2	0	Cary, 1st b.	0	0	16	0	0
Hackett, 2d b.	0	1	0	7	1	Daily, p.	0	2	0	2	1
Rowan, c.	0	0	3	1	0	Reveille, 3d b.	0	1	5	3	0
Johnson, p.	1	2	1	2	0	Dungan, c.	0	1	3	1	3
Totals.	5	8	27	18	2	Totals.	2	6	27	15	8

Fall River	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—5
Rhode Island	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—2

Earned runs—Fall River, 1. Strikes called—off Johnson, 19; off Daily, 10. Balls called—on Johnson, 5; on Daily, 4. Two-base hits—Daily, Sweasy and Hanlon. Left on bases—Rhode Island, 5; Fall River, 4. Umpire, R. Nichols of Providence.

BOSTON vs. CINCINNATI.

Meeting again on the 19th inst., at Cincinnati, O., the Bostons a second time beat the Reds of that place, who played the better fielding game of the two:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	0	1	2	1	0	Clare, 3d b.	2	1	1	1	0
Leonard, s. s.	0	4	0	1	2	Pike, c. f.	0	1	6	0	0
White, 1st b.	1	3	10	0	2	Manning, s. s.	0	2	0	4	1
O'Rourke, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0	Hallinan, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	0
Murnan, c. f.	2	2	1	0	0	Addy, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Brown, c.	0	1	6	0	1	Jones, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	0
Morrill, r. f.	0	2	2	0	0	Foley, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Hatfield, 3d b.	1	1	1	1	1	Gilleau, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Bond, p.	0	0	1	3	2	Mathews, p.	1	1	0	1	2
Totals.	6	17	27	8	10	Totals.	3	5	27	14	7

Boston	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	2—6
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hits—Cuthbert, Pike, and Murnan, 1; White, 2. Runs earned—Boston, 3. Balls called—on Bond, 27; Mathews, 23. Strikes called—off Bond, 26; Mathews, 26. Time, 2h. 45m. Umpire, John Brockway.

LOWELL vs. HUB.

The Hub nine of Boston visited Lowell, Mass., May 12, and were taken into camp by the Lowell boys.

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HUB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	1	1	4	4	1	Piggott, 3d b.	0	3	1	0	
F. Whitney, c.	1	2	0	0	1	Davis, 2d b.	1	0	4	5	0
Sullivan, c.	1	1	2	1	0	Keefe, 1st b.	1	1	10	1	0
Foley, p.	1	2	1	9	1	Oxley, c.	1	0	5	2	5
Knight, 1st b.	2	2	9	1	0	Howland, s. s.	0	0	2	6	2
Stockton, s. s.	0	2	0	1	1	Foy, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
A. Whitney, 3 b	1	2	4	2	1	Nagle, p.	0	0	1	3	3
Hawes, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0	Williams, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
						Thomas, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	8	13	27	19	5	Totals.	2	6	27	18	14

SHORTSTOPS.

On May 12, at Chestnut Hill, Mass., Chestnut vs Dartmouth, 26 to 11.....At Amherst, Mass., 16, Amherst Freshmen vs. Agricultural College, 23 to 7.....At Boston, Mass., 18, Nichols nine vs. Wales, seven innings, 17 to 11.....At Clinton, N. J., 16, Amateur vs. Mystic, 21 to 7.....The Mutuals of St. John, N. B., have reorganized with the election of Thomas Gordon, president; H. P. Sandall, vice-president; John Benner, C. F. Olive and Frank Hunter, directors.....The Biffer Club of Troy, O., have reorganized, and are now ready to receive challenges from all first-class clubs in the vicinity.....The Globe Nine: E. Newell, p.; A. J. Kraner, 1st b.; R. H. Vandyser, 3d b.; Robt. Parsons, s. s.;

A STAGE ANNIVERSARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

glitter of tinsel splendors,
A pull of the prompter's wire,
And the "realms of the radiant rainbow"
Die bathed in an emerald fire.

It colors the silver pillars
That under the calciums whirl,
And falls on the budded beauties
Who float in the "Lake of Pearl."

The leaves of the calla-lily
Are opened to meet the sun,
And, tinged with a lustrous glory,
The beautiful play is done.

A smile illumines the features
Of Amazons, Sprites and Fiends,
While a tremor of expectation
Is noted "behind the scenes."

The "carpenters" end their labors
With a chuckle of calm delight,
While the Thespians "dress like lightning,"
For this is the "hundredth night."

And up in the dusty greenroom,
In exquisite taste arrayed,
Environed with glass and silver,
A bountiful feast is laid—

Where, brimming with happy laughter,
And merriment over all,
The revelers flock, exclaiming:
"What ho! to the banquet-hall!"

The manager greets them gayly
In marvelous vest and tie,
While numerous pleasing features
Appeal to the ear and eye.

The "walking gentleman" softly
To the "juvenile lady" talks,
But the sense of his "airy nothings"
Is drowned by the knives and forks.

The humorous "low comedian"
To offer a toast is fain,
And seeks for his inspiration
In bubbles of bright champagne.

The "property-man" is eating
The fowls with a relish keen,
While noting them all as models
To serve for the "mimic scene."

Old grudges are all forgotten
In courteous and kindly phrase,
While people before unnoticed
"Come out" in surprising ways.

And when all the tempting banquet
Has faded at last from sight,
The revelers hasten homeward
To dream of the "hundredth night."

EDWARD E. KIDDER.

THE YELLOW GLOVES:

A ROMANCE OF PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

In one of those semi-equivocal salons of Paris, on the threshold of the fashionable world, which are neither refined without proof, yet not without reason, Colonel Gerald Marlowe met Madame Montjoy. The Colonel was from Louisiana, and a born aristocrat. The lady was well known in that intermediate society peculiar to the gayest capital in the world. She lived in luxurious style, without any known income. She did not possess the austerity of manners, the perfect breeding, and the pure and elevated language which prevails in the old drawing-rooms of the faubourgs; but, for all that, she was very charming, and Colonel Marlowe was struck with deep admiration.

She was a dyed blonde, above the medium size, and as admirably proportioned as a Greek goddess. Her arms were models of symmetry, firmness and whiteness, and she always made the most of them. Her eyes were reddish-brown, and her bust revealed a plethoric adiposity. She gave the Colonel to understand that she had been on the stage, and had been induced by her family in consequence. Once widowed, or nearly so, she had come to Paris from New York, and lived there modestly till the death of her father. A larger inheritance than she had hoped for enabled her to maintain a good position. Some fortunate speculations increased her capital. She was seized with *ennui*. At four-and-twenty, as she pathetically said, it was hard to live in solitude. She entertained an unquenchable partiality for Americans —"in fact," she said, "I love Americans."

Here the Colonel interrupted her artfully artless narration to ask why she did not associate herself with the American colony in Paris?

She perked up her slightly *retrousse* nose, threw a saintly expression into her lustrous eyes, and, with her hands, her little restless foot and her lips, executed a bit of eloquent pantomime. She never spoke; but if she had said that she was prohibited on the ground of suspected devility from participating in the reunions of the Americans in Paris, the Colonel would not have been more fully informed of the fact.

"Ah, Colonel, you would pity me if you knew the story of my life. The other night I fell in love with a countryman of yours in the balcony of the Italian opera. He came to-morrow. *Adieu*, monsieur," and the distracting wife, or widow, or whatever she was, left Colonel Marlowe, and was soon engaged in vivacious conversation with the newcomer, whom from that instant the Colonel cordially hated.

He was named M. Denis Durand, a Belgian by birth, who had traveled and resided in the United States—a professional gambler, *roué* and conspirator. He was so much below the medium height of men that, when he stood beside Madame Montjoy, they seemed of equal size. He was elegantly attired, and evidently wore corsets, with which feet and hands were small and effeminate. His hair and eyes were black, his teeth perfect, and his chin square and massive, indicating firmness and determination.

Colonel Marlowe subsequently heard, to his evident chagrin, that this "puppet," as he thought him, addressed Madame Montjoy as "Irene," while she termed him "Denis." Still she was not so engrossed with her lover as to entirely ignore her new acquaintance.

"Pardon me," she said after a dance, dropping both fair arms with a graceful *abandon*, "you think I enjoy myself? Believe me, this is a mere distraction. I have no heart for pleasure. I know a few men of the world. They visit me every Wednesday evening, and chat round my fire. Will you join us?"

The Colonel hesitated.

"Monsieur Durand will not be there," she said with a sly, searching glance. "May I expect you?"

The Colonel was a married man; but he felt it impossible to answer in the negative. "Blood," as Goethe remarks, "is a peculiar kind of juice," and the artful woman's charms had sent the sanguine blue life through the metal threads in his body.

Colonel Marlowe fell into the fatal maelstrom of her fascinations, and carried her presents like the rest. When he had presented a pair of exquisitely matched ponies for her basket-phaeton, he was met by a stock-broker, who said:

"Colonel, I regret your generosity. Only some day, Irene has ruined me. I am a beggar, and she has therefore forbidden me her house. In trusting and admiring her, you but sow on the barren sea, you write your recollections in the snow, you draw water, like the Danaides, with pitchers full of holes."

To be forewarned is not always to be forearmed. Private theatricals were discussed at one of Madame Montjoy's reunions, at which Mons. Denis Durand was present. To other numerous accomplishments this gentleman added that of dramatic actor of no mean ability. The play determined on was "Romeo and Juliet." Irene Montjoy was unanimously cast for Juliet; but there were at least a score of candidates for Romeo in the field. After all sorts of sarcastic criticism and recrimination, during which a quarrel was sometimes imminent, Madame declared that Denis Durand was the Romeo of her choice. That settled it. In the distribution of characters Colonel Gerald Marlowe was cast for the unlovely role of Tybalt.

That peculiar stratum of Parisian society, bounded on one side by high life and on the other by the half-world, was greatly excited over Madame Lovejoy's private theatricals. A crush of embla oned sirens and cavaliers crowded the brilliant salons when the curtain rose. There were about a dozen amateurs. The remaining characters were enacted by hired professionals.

At the ball-scene in Capulet's house, where Romeo first meets Juliet and says:

"If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss,"

Denis Durand seized the hand and kissed it vehemently, while Tybalt regarded the operation from the wings with blood-stirring indignation, and every other rival admirer of the lady, on the stage and off, regarded the continued series of fervent osculations as highly improper. To add to the prevailing jealousy, Juliet, instead of answering Romeo in the poet's lines: "You kiss by the book," said: "You kiss by the bouquet." The "balcony-scene" intensified the popular feeling against Romeo; but when the meeting between the lovers took place at Friar Laurence's cell, and actual lip-to-lip kissing not down in the books was enacted, Colonel Marlowe vowed revenge on "the insolent puppy."

The meeting between Tybalt and Mercutio, followed by the fight between Romeo and Tybalt, gave the required opportunity. With malignant bitterness of emphasis, Tybalt spoke the lines:

Thou *wretched* boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROM.—This shall determine that. [*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

They fought, certainly, but Tybalt didn't fall. Romeo was disarmed, and when in that defenseless condition received a sharp blow from Tybalt's rapier across the back. Then Tybalt lay down, muttering many oaths. Romeo rushed off the stage, a noisy discussion and altercation was heard by the audience, and Madame Montjoy rang the curtain down. The play was at an end, and in half an hour several rivals knew that Monsieur Denis Durand had challenged Colonel Marlowe.

Left alone, Madame Montjoy was supremely miserable. She tossed and turned on her pillow, and put back the hair from her fevered cheeks and throbbing temples in vain. A poem of grief might have been read in her dark, expressive eyes. Her whole soul was in apprehension. She fancied she loved Durand. Something told her he would be sacrificed. She could rest or remain still no longer. She arose, dressed, started for his lodgings, resolved by some means to grasp death by the throat. She took her maid with her. The way was short, and she knew every inch of it.

"Monsieur Durand had not returned," the *femme de menage* said, "since he went abroad in the evening."

"When did the housekeeper expect him?" Irene asked.

"Every minute: it is now two o'clock—an hour after monsieur's usual time."

Madame Montjoy and her attendant turned slowly away. As they reached the street-corner, full under the flash of the lamp, they met a beautifully dressed female with blonde hair, brilliant dark eyes, and canary-colored kid-gloves. The belated stranger hurried past with averted head.

"How pretty she looked!" said Annette to her mistress.

"Poor wretch," said madame, "she suffers; see how she walks."

For the remainder of the morning till daybreak Irene paced her chamber. She dreaded the news which she had a premonition would reach her.

At ten o'clock a carriage drives to her door. It contains Denis Durand and his second.

"Thank God, you are safe!" she cries, throwing herself on his bosom openly before his companion. "And the Colonel?" she inquired.

"Dead!" both men reply.

"Dead!" she exclaims, sinking breathless on a chair.

"Dead; but not by my hand," Denis explains. "It appears that he was assassinated in his own apartment, and that his wife saw the person who committed the deed."

"How terribly shocking!" cries madame. "Why, 'tis horrible!"

"They say it was a woman," says M. Durac, the second.

"The result of an intrigue, doubtless," M. Durand announces with indifference.

"A woman! an intrigue!" madame says in a ghostly whisper.

Annette here enters and announces a visitor.

"Show him in," madame commands.

"He wants to see madame alone;" and the girl retires.

It is a police-officer, to arrest her for the murder of Colonel Gerald Marlowe!

"I am absolutely innocent, and can prove how I spent every hour of the time between Colonel Marlowe leaving my house and the present moment," madame declares with volubility.

"I hope you may be able to prove it, madame," the officer remarks. "Meantime madame will do me the honor to accompany me."

At the Prefect's office she is confronted with the widow of the American colonel, who gazes on the prisoner long and earnestly.

The newly-made widow discerns a singularly close resemblance, if not an absolute identity, between the murderess and the prisoner, and yet there is some nameless difference, some discrepancy she cannot define, between the woman she saw last night and the woman she sees now.

Madame Montjoy, remembering that she went abroad after midnight, for the present deems it advisable to hold her peace.

Mrs. Marlowe speaks to the Prefect apart, and expresses a desire to hear the prisoner converse. She is concealed in an invisible closet, and Madame Montjoy is soon led into a lively conversation.

This ordeal being concluded, Mrs. Marlowe declares her conviction that it is not the voice, Irene's voice is as soft and musical as a flute; the voice of the murderess was low and deep.

The police are not satisfied, however, and the prisoner is placed in a lonely cell, where she sees no one for thirty-six hours. Her food is passed inside by an unseen hand, and when she implores someone to speak no reply is vouchsafed. The woman is wretched and heartbroken. Suddenly, at midnight, she hears an unknown voice near her pillow. With grave, measured tones the voice addresses her:

"You went out on the morning after your dramatic performance with your maid?"

"Oh, yes, I did. Listen to me. Come to me with a light, and I will explain all. Come, I implore you, whoever you are."

"I cannot come to you; speak, I am listening."

She tells a truthful story of her fears for M. Durand in the pending duel; her visit to his lodgings, and the conversation with his landlady. "All this the police-inquisitor has heard before from Annette, who occupies another cell, unknown to her, mistress. He knows it all. Now for telling the truth, and he asks another question:

"Whom did you meet after leaving M. Durand's residence?"

Irene describes as well as she is able the blonde, dark-eyed woman with canary or light-yellow gloves.

The police are foiled. The blonde in yellow-kid gloves tallies with Mrs. Marlowe's description of the murderess; but a month's search discovers no such woman in Paris. Although the facts are clear and simple, the murder of Colonel Marlowe remains a mystery.

The widow's story is very brief: She has heard her husband's name connected infamously with Madame Montjoy. His name had been associated in scandal with other women in America and London. She had determined upon a divorce, and occupied separate apartments in Paris. When the woman whom she took to be Madame Montjoy called a little before midnight, and asked to see her husband on important business, she wondered at her audacity, but determined to admit her. It would be another link in the chain of evidence she was gradually forming whereby to obtain her social liberty. The elegantly dressed lady went to the Colonel's room. She listened. She heard her husband cry: "Don't scratch me!" Then she retired in disgust. The graceless, shameless woman had opened the door herself when she left. That was all.

Madame Montjoy was set at liberty, and M. Denis Durand resumed his attentions as before. Oftener than before, however. Irene and he were alone, and the mystery of the murderer was a continually occurring topic, always ending by an expression of wonder on her part concerning the woman in canary-colored gloves, who walked awkwardly. Madame's wealthy husband deserted her since her name had been so prominently associated with the tragedy, and she now resolved to make M. Durand happy by marrying him. They had agreed to proceed to Belgium before the nuptials; but, when Irene purchased her ticket, she was informed that she would not be permitted to leave Paris, and that she was still under surveillance.

This startling announcement made her wretched. She became morbid on the subject of the murder and the woman with the yellow gloves.

* * * * * * *

"Why, my suit would fit you all but the waist," she said to M. Durand one evening; "but your hands are larger than mine, so are your feet. I fancy I weighed as much or more than you before that dreadful affair. Oh, I do wish that mystery was cleared up. I am a prisoner in Paris. I might just as well be in Cayenne."

Denis Durand paced the apartment and spoke in anger.

"I understand your hints," he said. "You will regret your querulous teasing. You will wish you had never been born. Stay till tomorrow."

"Whatever do you mean?" she cried.

"Wait," he said.

Next evening, when he came, he locked the door behind him.

"Now let me try on your dress," he said. "No fooling, Irene; put off your dress, and I will show you something."

She obeyed, and laughed and bustled and helped him to make a female toilet. He had several accessories in the form of pigments, paints and powders in his overcoat. As Irene beheld her lover's toilet approaching completion, she gazed in demoralized amazement. When the change received their finishing touch, and the complexion had acquired a soft, lily-and-rose hue, a blonde wig was added.

"How would we pass for sisters?" he sneeringly inquired.

The woman was dumbfounded.

He completed the toilet by putting on a pair of canary-hallowed gloves.

"Now you are satisfied, I hope. You have practiced your inuendous and broad hints for weeks. The mystery is no longer a mystery. I hope the knowledge will make you happy. It is not the first time I have personified your twin sister. Your American colonel was fooled. His wife has long been jealous. She was an accessory. Here is my pretty little weapon. You know that the body showed no evidence of death except a wound behind the right ear. This delicate stiletto is from Naples. It is poisoned. When your amorous admirer commenced to caress me, I punctured him. That quieted him."

Madame Montjoy had still some fragments of a heart, and some apology for a conscience. She fell down in a fainting fit.

"Fool!" he exclaimed when she regained consciousness. "Would you not rest till you obtained the fatal knowledge? Now you are bound to me by a tie stronger than adamant—the fellowship of crime. Henceforth we are one. I dare not trust you, nor any woman like you under the circumstances, out of my sight. We are married by bonds more sacred than those laid by the Church. We will be happy honeymoon-to-honeymoon. Say will you accept me as your husband?"

The woman was awed and overmatched. She threw herself on her knees, and implored him to have mercy.

"You know I hate *scenes*," he said scornfully. "Perhaps you would prefer a scratch from this tiny argument" (producing the stiletto), "or—perhaps—you—would—like—to—scratch—me?"

The menacing and ferocious look with which he accompanied these measured words was hideous to behold.

From that minute the woman was the slave of his will, and her existence was one of continued bondage.

Months of this dreadful surveillance passes. The wretched woman hated her mate with a deadly hate. Notwithstanding, she was about to become a mother. The prospect of maternity were welcome to her. There was the danger inseparable from the situation, but there was the relief from the perpetual watching.

The danger was passed. The patient was very much exhausted. The infant was a boy. Durand was in high spirits. A weight had been evidently removed from his shoulders. "For her son's sake," he thought, "Irene may now be trusted to keep the secret." He went abroad every day.

M. Denis Durand knew but little of the woman. For her son's sake she was now resolved that the tyrant should die, *provided she could escape*.

"Tell me," said she to the doctor (an old acquaintance), "of those poisons you used to speak of. Are there any new ones? You know how interested I used to be."

"Alas, madame," he replied, with a keen insight into her motive for asking, "the difficulty is not to kill people—a pistol shot will do that—but to kill them so as to leave no traces. Unfortunately, as soon as a new poison is discovered a new method is also found for verifying its presence. There was the potson that killed Colonel Marlowe, for instance—that was an Italian secret; still, we knew it was poison. The condition of the corpse proved it."

The doctor watched the pale patient's face, saw her agitation, and was about to leave.

"Pray don't go, doctor. Your conversation strengthens me. So there is no new poison?"

"Yes, there is. A chemist of my acquaintance has just invented a subtle composition, which has its charms. On breaking the tube which contains it, the people fall about it dead like flies. But nobody will be persuaded that they died a natural death. An intimate knowledge of the anatomy of the subject is, at present, the only safe method of removing an obnoxious fellow-being. It is at once neat, delicate, and safe. Let me show you."

The doctor laid the baby on its mother's breast, and proceeded to show the spaces where the cartilaginous skull had not yet joined.

"A man's skull will not hold water like a cup or a cocoa-nut," he said. "Above the *crista galli* there is a small hole into which the end of the *sinus longitudinalis* is inserted. A needle, a steady hand, and a keen eye do the rest."

"But only anatomists could be assasins by your method, doctor."

"Precisely so. Then there is a pretty poison for ladies, which I had almost forgotten, that does not keep its victims suffering. It is a thunderbolt in miniature;" and the doctor rattled along while watching his patient intently.

"You mentioned its name, but I have forgotten it," said Irene.

"I did not mention its name, madame; but, if you desire it, I will show you some of it to-morrow."

"That woman intends to murder Durand," mused the doctor as he met the latter on the stairs, "and I am glad of it. I wonder how she ever came to marry him?"

* * * * * * *

About three weeks after the foregoing conversation, Annette, madame's domestic, called on the Prefect of Police and requested an officer to accompany her to the residence of Madame Durand, *nee* Montjoy. In a room off from madame's bedroom was the woman whom the police of Paris had been foiled in finding. But the missing woman was dead, and, as it subsequently proved, the mystery of her death in that house was as inscrutable as her disappearance after Colonel Marlowe's death. Madame Marlowe identified the woman, and Madame Montjoy was once more put under close police supervision. Doctor Roget, her accoucheur, examined the body at the request of the police. There were no wounds. Death had resulted from some poison. Finally the doctor bethought him to state that the woman was a man in disguise. When the face was washed, madame declared that the woman was her husband, and the mystery was deeper than before, so far as the police were concerned.

But madame and Annette could have explained the later tragedy and the elaborate toilet of the dead body afterwards; while the doctor had a shrewd suspicion of the process by which Irene relieved herself of a husband who had become hateful to her. The baby soon followed his father; and in a few years Madame Montjoy was so rehabilitated as one of the reigning favorites of the peculiar society in which she was so ornamental and unscrupulous. Many a man was ruined by her acquaintance. Respecting her, Goethe's dictum was eminently true: "When we speed to the Devil's house, woman takes the lead by a thousand steps."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

HE—What will thou do when I am dead,
And 'neath the cold, cold clay,
In their last, low, narrow bed
My lifeless limbs shall lay?

SHE.—What will I do when thou art dead!
Why, I'll do er—well—er—
Well, the first thing I'm sure to do
Is hunt up 'nother feller!

JERRY MCCARTHY.

LILY MELVILLE,

OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XLV.—CONTINUED.

Miss Lucas passed him with downcast face as he came forward with his hand outstretched and a conventional

"How do you do, Lady Melville?"

But directly she had closed the door his hand dropped to his side before Lady Melville had taken it, and in a suspicious voice he said sharply:

"Who was that?"

"Miss Lucas, my companion," said Lady Melville, controlling herself up. "By what right, however, do you ask?"

"Oh!" he said, sinking into the dainty chair and staring at her. "So, you are altered, Leonora. Black does not suit you, or you have grown deucedly old. You look—well, fifty. What have you been doing?"

She remained silent, looking at him with a face upon which aversion, distrust, and hate struggled for predominance.

"Sit down," he said; "I am not used to tragedy queens. Is this the way you welcome an old friend to your baronial halls?"

"Have you finished," she said, "or are there any more gratuitous insults to come before you commence the business that brought you here?"

"The same old Leonora," he said with a sneer. "So devoted to the heroics, never losing a chance of practicing them. By Heaven! how old you look! Will you sit down, and so got a full view of his face. For the life of her, she could not refrain from giving him a return thrust.

"I am not the only one that has changed, Harcourt. Time has laid his hands on you. Cain's brand is deeper now, and so plain that all who run may read. Her finger pointed her white finger at his forehead, upon whose whiteness there were long, deeply-cut lines.

He started angrily for a moment, but the next laughed his low, malicious laugh.

"Well, it is only fair," he said; "blow for blow. We are quits, and ugly now, my Leonora, but there the similarity ceases. You are rich, the mistress of Rivershall, and I am poor."

"You are poor!" she said sternly and distinctly. "In debt!"

"Aye, to the neck. And you are mistress of Rivershall. Well, I congratulate you. I don't ask you how it came to pass. You were always a clever woman, Leonora, and I admire clever women. Mistress of Rivershall!"

He stopped to poke the fire, then leant back, and gazed round him with an insolent complacency.

"It is a grand old place, I like it better than Devonhill, which, by the way, I am longing to see again. A grand old place, but it wants a master! Splendid! and, ahem, a beautiful mistress it has—we will say beautiful still—but it wants a master. Really beautiful still," he continued, showing his white teeth, "really be-au-tiful still. My Lady Melville, I have a proposal. What do you say to matrimony?"

She sprang to her feet and looked down at him. He burst into his malicious laugh.

"I thought I should rouse you, my dear Leonora. Do not fear. I value my own life too much to risk it so vilely. Come, we will cry a truce to this mutual pleasantry, and proceed to business. But first, let us not forget the hospitalities. I thank you, Lady Melville; I will have a glass of wine."

She rang the bell, and the butler brought a bottle from the old cellars, and poured out some wine in one of the old cut-glasses for my lord. While the man was in the room, Lord Harcourt conversed in a conventional but friendly way with her ladyship about the weather and the country, but directly the butler had gone he caught up the glass and drained it, then filled and drained it again. Lady Melville watched him with a vast scorn.

"You drink now?" she said with a cruel satisfaction.

"No," he said, smiling—"no, only a glass or two. Your delight is premature, and you will not have to mourn me cut off in the prime of manhood by distilled turn-tremens. But now to business. The six months were up three weeks since. I have given you three weeks' grace in the generosity of my heart. I come now for the fulfillment of your bond."

She took a costly screen from the mantel, and held it between the fire and her face.

"You wish me to marry the Baron de Moniporte?" she asked.

He loored up, but could not see her face. He could glean nothing from her voice, which she had schooled to a regular monotony.

"No," he said with a scornful laugh; "I would not be so hard upon the Baron. Not now, decidedly not now. You may marry whom you please, so that you cancel our sweet agreement with fifty thousand pounds!"

"You ask me—you wish to extort fifty thousand pounds from me?" she said. "Is not that it?"

"So clearly, so beautifully put: it is," he retorted.

"You shall not have fifty thousand farthings," she said quietly.

He looked at her—the screen was before her face.

"Ah, I expected as much," he said. "I thought your folly would bring to you. You want a scene, and this is the commencement. I shall not gratify you. I have come here, my dear Leonora, for a small check for that amount, and I shall remain at Rivershall, your guest, until I get it!"

"You will remain at Rivershall until I pay you fifty thousand pounds?"

"I will. Rivershall is a pretty place. You are a most charming lady. I shall be most happy to become your guest."

She lowered the screen suddenly, and showed him her resolute face.

"Then I am resolved. Lord Harcourt, the tables are turned. It is I who hold the winning cards. You say you will stay here and outrage me and my house until I give you the money you demand. I say that you shall leave this room within an hour in the hands of a police-officer."

He stared, then laughed.

"Well played, but farces are not in my way."

"No, but murder is," retorted Lady Melville, flashing her eyes upon him. "Murder is, Lord Harcourt. Sit still, I say. You have driven the stag a little too far, and have brought it to bay. It shall gore you now—to death."

She rang the bell as she spoke, and a footman answered it.

"Request Miss Lucas to step this way," said Lady Melville.

Miss Lucas entered immediately, and stood waiting, with her hands folded before her, and her face serenely demure.

"Miss Lucas, you can tell me if the detective whom I employed to investigate that affair of the duel is in the village at the present moment?"

"Yes, my lady," said Miss Lucas, taking the cue at once. "He is at the 'Arms.' Shall I send for him?"

"Well, not this moment. Lord Harcourt may wish to see him. If he should, I will ring. You will know what the bell is for, and send one of the men to bring him here instantly."

"Yes, my lady," said Miss Lucas, and with respectful composure glided out again.

Lord Harcourt stood stroking his moustache, his keen, restless eyes glancing from one to the other.

When the quiet figure had gone he turned to Lady Melville.

"The programme is not quite clear yet," he said. "What do you mean, my dear Leonora? I am not frightened by bugbears."

"This is a bugbear in the shape of the gallows," retorted Lady Melville. "Stand back! You are coward enough to strike me. You nearly struck him once, and murdered the man who saved me from your violence."

"Ah!" he said, with a short laugh of contempt. "I see where you would have your clumsy arms strike. You mean the silly lad I winged on Calais Sands. Poor boy! he fought well; it's almost a pity he had not been a better shot. Murder is a woman's name for an affair of honor."

"Not so," said Lady Melville, with a burst of passion. "Murderer is the name for the coward who takes his opponent's life by firing before the word is given."

Lord Harcourt's hat dropped from his hand, and when he raised his face from recovering it Lady Melville saw that it was as white as her own.

"Now," said she, fanning herself with her screen, "will you stay here until I pay you the fifty thousand pounds, or will you go?"

He thought a moment.

"I'll stay," he said defiantly. "You were mistaken. The world has only a foolish woman's word for it. Who will believe it? Better give me the check, my dear Leonora—better give me the check."

"That is your decision," she said. "Well, so be it. I shall see you driven from the country—hanged, perhaps. Please Heaven, the latter!"

She walked to the bell and laid her hand upon it, then said, as if to herself:

"There can be no escape for him. The two boatmen heard the report of his pistol, Dalton saw him fall, and I can confirm them."

He started.

"Boatmen!" he said unguardedly.

"Yes," she said, "two. Oh, murder will out, my lord, even when done so cleverly. If you want more evidence, I have it. Look!" and she walked to a drawer and unlocked it. "Here is the pistol with which you shot him. Here is the pistol bullet extracted from his wound —— Ah!"

She uttered a scream, for with a noiseless spring Lord Harcourt had reached her side and snatched at the pistol.

She clasped it tightly, then shot back a defiant glare.

"Stand back! Would you murder me also?"

"Aye, that I would," he ground out between his teeth. "Give me that pistol, or by Heaven! I'll ——"

"Did you ring, my lady?"

Both started. Lord Harcourt fell back, staring at the quiet face and gray eyes of Miss Lucas, who had entered unperceived.

"No—yes!" said Lady Melville. "Send for ——"

"Oh, don't trouble, Lady Melville," drawled Lord Harcourt in his most languid tones. "I am going through the village, and will look him up myself. Good-night, good-night."

And with his high-bred bow he left the room.

Lady Melville stood in the same attitude, with the pistol in her grasp, until the great hall-door had clanged to behind him. Then her face turned gray, and her eyes seemed to lose all their fire.

"He is gone," said Miss Lucas with a triumphant smile.

"Aye, for the present," said Lady Melville with slow weariness. "But not for long. I have said good-bye to peace forever—forever!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

Better to be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.—SHAKESPEARE.

Lady Melville seemed shy of visitors. All who called at Rivershall were denied. Showers of cards from old and new friends fell disregarded. Mr. Besant himself, who, now that the house had been thoroughly cleansed, had ventured to pay a friendly visit, was refused, and rode away, as black in the face as his mourning-coat. People said that even the old cavalier had gone home insulted, and grew curious to see this lady, who, once the glass of fashion, now shut herself up in her newly-acquired house and played the hermit. The ghost-stories current in the kitchen spread to the village, and thence to the country. The magnates of the district wagged their heads and sighed pinions, and said:

"Ah," said they, "something wrong there, sir, you may depend upon it. Never could understand the Melville family, never. Always touched, in my opinion," and the wise one would tap his forehead significantly.

But Lady Melville was not mad; she was only low-spirited and nervous. She grew more nervous each day, and at length reached such a pitch of timidity and feeble-mindedness that Miss Lucas was obliged to accompany her on the short trips across the great hall or up the long corridor, and even then she would start at the slightest noise, and looked on either side of her with fearful half-glances. The shallow pretense which Miss Lucas had broken through on the occasion of Lord Harcourt's visit was kept up now in the strictest and most vigilant manner. It was always with an air and tone of respect that the governess spoke or listened to her mistress, and she never addressed her without the prefix of "My lady," or "Your ladyship."

The greatest stickler for outward respect could not have found a reproach in Miss Lucas' armor of behavior in which to lodge the arrow of complaint; yet all the while the broken-spirited, fearful-hearted woman knew that she had taken her quiet companion's yoke, and that it was galling to her soul. The Summer wore on. It had brought no gladness to the mistress of Rivershall. It had brought the most intense anguish to Clarence Clifford; its time had been fraught with great disappointment to Lord Harcourt; and to all three the coming seasons were without hope. Without hope to Lady Melville they were for a certainty, to Lord Harcourt and Clarence Clifford, great and small, were never without hope. But she thought bitterly of all she had done to gain that which had turned to Dead-sea fruit on her lips. She had not gained all she had plotted and sinned for even. Here was Rivershall her own, to remind her daily, hourly, of what she had done to gain it. But where was he, the stern, sad-hearted Claude Ainsley, the man she loved more than she had loved anyone? She had an instinctive assurance that Miss Lucas knew, and yet she would not, could not, ask her; and as she sat beside the fire, gazing into its depths with hollow eyes, she wondered if he would ever come—if the woman who held her in her power would choose to fulfill her promise and bring him. As she thought this, she shuddered. What was love but a mockery to her now? To lose her thoughts she rose in her fearful, nervous fashion, and stole to the window, very much as Lilian Melville might have stolen, save that hers was pure grief, and this woman's remorse.

It was sunset, the evening closing in. To the proud, regretful woman the hour was typical of her mood. The days were closing in, and she felt it. All the sky was red and fierce—the spirit of unrest sat heavily upon her. With a sigh and a shudder she opened the casement and stepped onto the lawn. It was the first time she had been out for some days. The air seemed strange to her, and she drew her shawl of pure China crepe more closely around her. Yet the evening was inviting, and with listless feet she wandered to a rosary, and thence into the shrubbery. At the commencement of the thick growth of dark-hued plants she stopped. Gloom of every kind oppressed and frightened her.

As she turned to go back to the drawing-room, she heard a voice talking in a low key within a few feet of her. The mistress of Rivershall started and paused. To whom could her mistress be speaking within the secret ambush of the shrubbery? With a desire to learn something that might give her some little power over the woman who held so much over herself, she shrank into the shrubs and peered through the leaves. It was a man, tall and commanding of figure. The face was turned from her. She waited, trying to catch his voice; but he spoke only once, and in so low a tone that she could not catch it. She could see Miss Lucas' face, however, and that was a study, such passion bursting through the evident effort to restrain it, and working on the thin lips and gleaming in the gray eyes. She was talking fast, either to persuade or convince, and once the silent watcher thought she heard her own name. The man listened to it all, and seemed as he looked, immovable. Miss Lucas' voice grew louder, and Lady Melville, straining her sense of hearing to its utmost limit, caught:

"Wait, wait, I say a thousand times wait! Your revenge is none the less, rather it is a hundred-fold! Do wait, Melchior. Look at me. Have I not waited? There is nothing to fear from her; she is a weak, imbecile, halting between the grave and the mad-house. There is nothing to fear from me, to bring him here instantly." He laughs as he can say they are, or soon will be, where they will be powerless. All is safe here, and I watch for the day when the consummation shall be attained. Look at me. O Melchior! have I done nothing worthy of a reward? Do not leave me, do not desert me, for if you go it is desertion the cruelest and most heartless. I ask so little. Stay till the time comes. Can you refuse?"

He murmured something, and laughed. The laugh ran through the listener's veins like ice.

"You are eloquent, Kate, and I find it hard to refuse you, impulsive creature. Your thunderbolts are ready to my hand, and my fingers itch to let them fall. I am like the executioner of the Reign of Terror, thirsting for the victims. Am I to lean on my axe forever? No! The dogs shall sup their heartiest, and I will drink my revenge. Look you, Kate—and a sudden spurned at the gallows as a murderess, the son dragged to the hulks as a forger, and the rest of the family out of the world. It is a great and glorious revenge, atoning almost for my wasted, blighted life; and you ask me to wait!"

"I do," she breathed, catching at his cloak and turning her eyes to his downcast ones. "I do; for I will give you a yet more glorious revenge—cap the edifice with a noble apex. Granted all you say, and yet wait and I will put you in their place—master here of their house and lands, sitting, if you will it, like an eagle on the ruins of Rivershall!"

"What?" he exclaimed. "How?"

"How!" she whispered huskily. "She is in my power, I tell you, and must do or sign what I choose. Is it not easy to guess the rest? Rivershall shall come to you, left by the woman who ——"

He turned his face at the woman, all ablaze with passion, and Lady Melville saw it. Yet scarcely saw it, for with a cry she slipped to the ground and heard no more. Miss Lucas found her there, and guessed what had happened. With great care she had carried her back to the drawing-room, and laid upon the sofa. The window was closed, and the fire allowed to die out. Miss Lucas herself secretly charged the servants to deny that they had seen Lady Melville leave the drawing-room, much less had helped to carry her back. Then Miss Lucas seated herself at the door, and waited until her ladyship should come to. In about an hour the fainting-fit gave way and the terrified woman opened her eyes, remembered the garden and the voices, and looked round expecting to find herself amongst the plants of the shrubbery. Instead of that the familiar and furniture of her own drawing-room met her eyes. She rose after a while, saw that the fire had died out, and glanced at the window. It was closed and fastened from the inside. All was still within the house. The room looked as if no one had entered it. She began to grow suspicious of herself.

"It could not have been a dream," she murmured. "And yet that face!" and a violent shudder shook her whole frame. "That face has been dead for years—years. And if it had not, how could it be possible for that dreadful woman to be connected with it? And yet I remember it all so plainly, so perfectly, distinctly. I could repeat every word."

She began to pace the room, and at last rang the bell.

"I cannot bear it any longer," she murmured. "I will ask if anyone brought me in. They might have left me as I was, but I cannot be sure. I cannot remain here without trying to bring me to it!"

She rang the bell, troubled and perplexed. Miss Lucas entered, placid and serene. She stopped near the door with an expression of concern.

"Your ladyship has let the fire out."

Lady Melville looked at her keenly.

"Has anyone been in the room for the last hour or two?"

"I should think not, my lady, or the fire would have been seen to. Have you been to sleep, my lady?"

The tone was so carelessly respectful and so natural that the bewildered woman put her hand to her head. Miss Lucas looked sympathetic.

"Your head aches, my lady. I will get you the salts, and send Mary to light the fire."

Lady Melville sank on the sofa.

"Stay," she said hesitatingly. "Where have you been this afternoon?"

"In my room, my lady," was the careless reply. "I was on my way downstairs, passing the door, when you rang. I have been writing," she added, and just extended her hand slightly, in which were two letters.

"Your room overlooks the shrubbery," said Lady Melville.

"Yes," said Miss Lucas.

"Did you see anyone walking in it?"

"No," said Miss Lucas; "no one. Does your ladyship suspect that there is anyone about, any thief?"

"No," said Lady Melville, at last convinced that she must have been asleep and been dreaming. "No; get me the salts, please. I have been asleep, and have a headache."

Miss Lucas left the room for the salts with a smothered sigh of relief.

"Poor tool," she muttered. "Nothing between the mad-house and the grave. If he will but wait!"

Miss Lucas was the individual who was supposed to be tied by the heels in a French prison was at liberty, but not visible.

The feeling of security had been engendered in his former captor's breast in this manner. The tools Antoine and Jacques, dreading the consequences of their master's wrath, had sent word to tell him what he knew already—that their prisoner had escaped. And then, to appease him and avert his wrath, followed up the message by another one to the effect that they had recaptured him and had him safe. Doctor Brown-ell, or by whatever other name the reader may choose to call him, after instituting careful search in the metropolis, and failing to discover Clarence Clifford, put faith in the message of his tools, and really believed that this assertion of Clarence Clifford's was the veriest truth. Now the unfortunate Clarence's invisibility was to be accounted for in this way: After his shock on the road he had ridden—fled rather—away from the spot, had reached London and put up at a small inn situated in one of the suburbs. Here he had gone to the horse, paid his bill, and gone, no one knew whither. He was a stranger, and knew but little in the quiet ways of the city—too numbed to care for food or the future. The third day his sense of his misfortune broke fully upon him, and then he made a strange resolution.

"I am supposed to be dead," said he, "and to all purposes I am a dead. Clarence Clifford shall be no more."

With this decision he exchanged his clothes for an insignificant suit of brown, and hired a single room in a small but cleanly house in the East-end of the town, and took to living a solitary life, sometimes remaining in his single apartment for days together, sitting over the fire or moodily gazing from the window on the crowded roof-tops, at others wandering about the great thoroughfares, seeing everything yet nothing, hopeless and objectless as those of death. His great love and bitter disappointment had chilled his faculties. At one time he would never have been brought to believe that he could take the long string of mysterious circumstances as passively as he did now—that he could refrain from hunting out some solution to the enigma of his life—that he could sit still supinely and make no effort to discover the

royal rival. The second acts brings us to the desert of Thol, a sandy plain, whose limits are lost in the fiery horizon lit up by sunset. On both sides the stage is lined by the flags of the tents of the royal camp—a beautiful scene. It seems as if the stage were bathed in the glow of an Indian evening. Sita is listening, full of anxiety, to the rumors from the battle-field. Soldiers and slaves rush past in full flight, proclaiming the defeat and rout of the Indian army, and announcing that the King has been mortally wounded. Sindia proclaims the downfall of the sacrilegious monarch, whom the gods thus punish for his crime. He will beat a retreat, and the army swears to follow his orders. Alim enters, bleeding and faint. Indignant at such cowardly despair, he tries to rally the flying mob; but the revolted soldiery refuse to listen to him, and, instead of obeying, they insult and renounce him. Then Sindia unmasks himself, and shows what a double-dyed traitor he has been. Alim had wished to snatch Sita from his arms, and the Minister is revenged. It is he who under cover of the sandy cloud raised by the combat had stabbed his King with a poniard. The cries of rout and defeat continue, Alim dies, and Sindia proclaims himself King of Lahore. The third act introduces us to the Paradise of Indra, a radiant vision of a celestial garden brilliant with light, overgrown with gigantic plants and a profusion of gaudy-colored flowers—a paradise such as it was known to the imagination of the ancient East. At the back of the stage rises the mountain of gold and precious stones of Merou. Indra, seated in state on an eminence, presides over the festivities of his court. Apsaras are dancing, and the whole stage is crowded with houris, clothed and unclothed in every form and color of Eastern magnificence and luxury; a truly marvelous scene—one of those gems of stage decoration to which no words can do adequate justice. Alim implores permission to return to earth to see once more her he loves, undertaking to pay for this indulgence at the price of ten centuries of suffering. The god, touched with compassion, allows him to leave the abode of the elect; but he is to live poor and degraded in the city which he had before ruled over as its King, and must die at the same instant as his mistress. When he re-enters Lahore, Alim finds Sita in Sindia's power. Under the protection of the priests, who look on him as a prodigy come back from the grave, he has the hardihood to brave his rival. Sita, in order to escape from Sindia's brutal passion, has taken refuge in the temple where she had been reared. Alim reappears, as before, at her side, and they are about to flee together when Sindia bars their passage and stats the faithful spouse of Alim, who, in fulfillment of Indra's decree, expires with her. In the final apotheosis we see Sita and Alim united in Paradise at the feet of Indra."

"JEAN DACIER,"

a five-act drama by M. Lomon, was presented at the Theatre Francais, Paris, during the week closing May 19. The story is as follows: The action takes place in La Vendee, at the opening of the Reign of Terror. Jean Dacier is a Breton peasant whom the spirit of the Revolution and a thirst for reading have filled with ambition, and he is the only person in his village who enrolls himself under the Tricolor when the Representative of the People comes to proclaim the "country in danger." He is secretly in love with the Countess Marie De Valvielle, the wife of his master. The Count, already advanced in years, takes part in the Vendean insurrection, and is executed, and his widow is being also led to the scaffold at Nantes. Jean has become *chef de bataillon;* he has fought heroically on the eastern frontier, and on perceiving the Countess in the cart on her way to the guillotine, he obtains her pardon from the Representative of the People on condition that he marries her on the spot. The lady, who has a cousin who has been plotting her escape, and who has told her to consent to any chance of safety that offers itself, thinks this union is part of the prearranged plan, and consequently agrees to what she imagines is a mere pretext of a ceremony. When Jean conducts her to her home, she wishes to flee at once; but he tells her there has been no such collusion as she imagines. She is his lawful wife, and he means her to remain so. But for two months he respects her, and lives with her like a guardian more than as a husband. Her betrothed, a Vendean chief, twice endeavors to rescue her, and each time falls into the hands of Jean Dacier. On each occasion the generous man grants him his life and liberty; but the second time, when arranging for a mortal combat, which is to take place between them next morning at the head of their rival armies, he has been incautious enough to betray the secret of the Republican army's plan of attack. He thus perceives too late that he has been guilty of treason. He is condemned to death, and his wife, touched at last by his devotedness, confesses that he has won her love. The curtain drops as the rattle of musketry announces the death of the young peasant hero, who has been so inflexibly condemned by his friends for his solitary act of generous imprudence; and Marie, left alone on the stage, falls inanimate.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XVIII.

THE ANDERSON ROW

AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Accompanied by his wife, who was Josephine Bartolozzi, sister of Mme. Vestris, Joshua Anderson arrived here in the Autumn of 1831. He was a singing-actor of good repute in England, where he was engaged for the Park Theatre, this city, by Stephen Price, one of its managers. Anderson was announced to open on Oct. 13 as Harry Bertram in "Guy Mannering." Unfortunately, on his voyage to this country he had permitted his patriotism to draw him into an argument with the mate of the vessel, in the course of which he gave utterance, as was alleged, to expressions savoring of contempt for "the universal Yankee nation." It was furthermore reported that the upshot of this difficulty was the downfall of the English vocalist, felled by a blow from the mate, with whom Anderson's fellow-voyagers, being mainly Americans, naturally sided. The vessel had no sooner arrived than it became known in the city that Anderson had "abused the people, insitutions and customs of the United States." This the player denied, while admitting that he had "been unfortunate enough to have a disagreement with one of the passengers." He appeared at the Park as announced, but the interruptions were of so noisy a character as to render his performance merely a dumb show, the audience refusing to hear him. It was supposed by many that he would not venture to appear again, but he did. In the newspapers of the following day, Oct. 14, he published a card, which concluded in this wise:

> I appeal to your good sense, whether it is likely—nay, whether it is not absolutely absurd—that I should have had the insane hardihood to make use of disrespectful expressions tending to prejudice me in the opinion of a public upon whose patronage I am entirely dependent, and whose good-will and approbation I was and am most anxious to receive? May I, then, trust that, on the next occasion I have the honor of appearing for you, you will not allow private considerations, or private pique, to operate heavily against me in my private capacity? I have only to add that when under excitement we are all liable to use (though I am not aware that I have) expressions which in more deliberate moments we have occasion to disown. If I have done anything calculated to offend that pride of country in which I myself indulge as well as others, I deeply regret it. I would ask leave to make that apology which is unquestionably due on such an occasion.

The management, hoping that this apology would be deemed ample, billed him for a second appearance on the 15th. This was construed into an attempt by the management to force him upon the New York public. An excited and extremely noisy assemblage almost filled the house long before the hour for raising the curtain. There were three females in the upper boxes, not one in the lower. Yet apparently this almost exclusive gathering of males was a highly respectable one, being made up extensively of well-dressed young men, interspersed occasionally with persons of mature years. When the musicians appeared, the call from pit to gallery was for "Yankee Doodle." They played "Hail Columbia" instead. There was now a tremendous uproar, and renewed cries of "Yankee Doodle!" "Yankee Doodle!" At last the leader deferred to the plash and odor of a rotten egg, which, aimed at his head, diffused itself over his musicians. The desired air was played amidst tumultuous applause and shouts of "Yankee Doodle forever!" "Down with Anderson!" "Brother Jonathan's the boy!" Police were in attendance, having been besieged by the management; but Justice Hopson's orders to them were that they should remain as mere spectators, unless they saw an assault made or some injury done to the house.

At last the bell rang and the curtain rose. "Silence!" was the command from a hundred tongues, and it was obeyed. The first act of the opera proceeded very quietly until Thomas Barry, as Guy Mannering, made his appearance. On Thursday night he had railed at those who had hissed Anderson. On this Saturday night he had no sooner come within view than he was assailed by a shout from the side-boxes. It was echoed from all other parts of the house. Apples and potatoes were his portion, and these were backed up by cries of "Apology!" "Apology for your conduct Thursday night!" Perplexed, Old John Barnes and Mrs. Wm. Wheatley, mother of the exmanager who has so recently left us, retired "up stage" for consultation. Barry came down to the footlights. Spreading out his hands, he essayed to speak. He was a great favorite at the Park, and yet it was some time before he could be heard.

"Hear him! hear him!" from his friends.

"If," he began again, deeply moved, and laying his hand upon his breast—"if—if I—if—if I have offended the audience of New York in aught that took place the other night," he at last got a chance to say, "it was far from my intention."

That let him out. "Sufficient!" "Content!" and a thunder of applause greeted him, and the play proceeded. But the spectators were heedless, and were not auditors except of old Barnes, whose drollery as Dominie Sampson was occasionally laughed at. They were only waiting. At the close of the first act symptoms of a gigantic tumult were apparent. When the curtain rose again, Manager Edmund Simpson came forward.

"What's to be done now?" was the query shouted at Simpson.

"Away with Anderson!" was the answer from an upper box.

Simpson begged to be heard, and eventually he was:

"Gentlemen, the managers of this theatre are the servants of the public. It is our duty, as it is our inclination, to gratify the public; and if it be your wish that Mr. Anderson be withdrawn, let it be clearly and satisfactorily ascertained, and I pledge you it shall be done."

He was interrupted with: "Send him home." "Send Anderson to England." "Home with him in the next packet."

"No, not in an American packet."

"Send Price with him."

Price was unpopular enough then, but his conduct in connection with the burning of the National Theatre under the management of the elder James W. Wallack, seven or eight years later, was virtually the end of him in America.

"Is it your wish that Mr. Anderson shall be withdrawn?" asked Simpson.

"Yes, yes," from all parts of the house.

"He *shall* be withdrawn," and Simpson retired.

A tremendous shout went up, and "Victory! victory!" was the cry seemingly from four-fifths of the audience. Flags were hung out, and on one of them was a picture of Anderson being knocked down by the mate. It bore the words: "You Damned the Yankies, Did You?"

Anderson having been withdrawn, the opera of "Guy Mannering" had to be also. The curtain was raised for the farce. The noise among the audience, as well as the peltings with oranges, apples, etc., continued, apparently without other purpose than to be jolly. Soon the disorder began to increase, amid cries that "the friends of Anderson make the noise." This shout excited the rest of the audience, and in a few minutes it was a general tumult again. Mr. Barry, now in high favor, was perplexed, but attempted to speak, amidst cries of "Go on," "Go on," which he supposed alluded to the play. The farce went on, and the tumult broke out afresh. The curtain then fell, and Mr. Simpson made his second appearance. It was some time before he was heard:

"*Ladies* and gentlemen," said he.

This created a general laugh, there being now no ladies present. Mr. Simpson smiled. A general good-humor prevailed, but it was soon interrupted. Mr. Simpson addressed the turbulents again:

"Gentlemen, it is now two-and-twenty years that I have had the honor to appear before you; and if in all that time I have deserved any indulgence, let me have it now."

"You shall have it—you shall have it, but send out Price!" said several voices.

"Why? Why?" asked another.

"We want to hiss him—we want to send him off with Anderson."

Mr. Simpson continued:

"I have been told than an organized *mob* is here to-night, and that their object is to injure the property of the theatre."

Deep hisses, with cries of "No!" "No!"

"I do not believe," said Mr. Simpson—"I do not believe an American audience would do any such thing. We are unprepared—we did not want, nor have we any, extra police—we throw ourselves on the good-feelings of a New York audience for indulgence and protection."

The shouts and tumults appeared to subside for some time. Mr. Simpson retired, but as soon as the curtain rose the disorder continued.

"What does the mob want?" cried many.

"It is no mob," said another.

The disorder still increased, but it was very difficult to know what was the object of the audience. Several fights took place in the side-boxes; Justice Lowndes and his police-officers pulled out one man from the centre-box, and a general running controversy was kept up by groups from the top to the bottom of the house.

"I am an Englishman," said a man in the third tier, "and will knock down any man who hisses Anderson."

A young man from Pearl street walked up to him with arms akimbo, and hissed. The Englishman knocked him down, but instantly a dozen fists laid him prostrate on the floor; and a minute afterwards he found himself roughly deposited in the street. Every five minues added to the noise and tumult, and deep murmurs were uttered against Price and the Park management. It was very evident that the audience were dissatisfied with something besides Anderson.

About this time young Burke, who had sat in one of the side-boxes in the earlier part of the evening, made his appearance on the stage with his violin. Master Burke's music had "charms to soothe the savage soule" for a time.

At about half-past nine o'clock some fifty or sixty watchmen were brought to the front of the theatre, and about half a dozen of them were introduced into the second tier of boxes. This was a most injudicious and ill-advised measure, and the audience viewed it as an insult.

"Out with the leatherheads!" "Away with the police!" "We have a right to express our opinions. We are no mob, but well-disposed citizens determined not to hear an actor who abused the country!" "Out with the leatherheads!" resounded from every part of the house. They were withdrawn from the second tier, and introduced into the pit, without caps, but with clubs. This but added to the excitement, and many who were well disposed announced their determination not to leave the house until eleven o'clock. The excitement outdoors was greater than that inside, and at one time from five to ten thousand people were assembled. The fifty watchmen on the steps of the theatre were considered an insult to the well-disposed people, and induced hundreds to take part in the proceedings who would otherwise have quietly retired to their homes. The house gradually emptied, and the attention of the populace was directed to the large gas-lamps in front of the theatre, from the tops of which the American eagle had been taken. This was said to have been done by Mr. Price, with the remark that the theatre was supported by *foreigners*, not Americans, and he would not permit the eagle to be mounted upon the lamps! A determination was immediately evinced to demolish the lamps, and the crowd did so in defiance of the watchmen, and amidst cries of "Don't injure the house—only break the *English* lamps from which Price has taken the *American* eagle." "Send them to England with Price and Anderson," said one. "Aye, aye," says another, "but not in an American ship." Some of them called for an adjournment.

"No, no," was the reply. "Not while the watch are here. Let them go, and we will follow."

From time to time the watch made captures, and took them to the watch-house. At about half past twelve a party made their way to the river, and, arming themselves with billets of wood, made an attack upon the watch and drove them. The watch rallied and returned to the field, but were met by the most perfect good-nature.

No attempt was made to do the theatre any injury, further than to demolish the lamps from which it was erroneously supposed that Price had ordered the eagles to be removed. As to this Manager Simpson published the following card:

> TO THE PUBLIC.—A report being in circulation that the eagles formerly placed on the lamps in front of the theatre were removed by the direction of Mr. Price, I beg leave most respectively to deny the assertion. Mr. Price never knew of the removal of the eagles, nor was he consulted on the subject. The eagles were mutilated during the last season; and, upon the front of the theatre being repaired and cleaned, I, without consulting Mr. Price, directed the broken eagles to be removed, and the lamps repainted. This is the true account of an affair which, I regret to understand, has caused much excitement. The eagles were removed by my direction, and certainly without any intention or idea of giving offense. E. SIMPSON.

Anderson's endeavors to appear in Philadelphia and in Boston, in the latter of which cities he finally succeeded in obtaining a hearing, form another chapter in his American experiences. We have not space for it now. So, too, with his third and last attempts to perform in this city. It was as unsuccessful as that of Oct. 13 or that of Oct. 15, 1831. His wife, on the other hand, was received with marked favor wherever she appeared in this country.

"CYMBELINE."

The bills of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, in announcing this play for production on Monday night, May 14 last, assured the public that it had not been performed "in this city in forty years." As a limited few of us must have seen it played several times in this city inside of forty years, it was at least thoughtful in one or two of the critics of the daily press to credit that limited few with eleven more years of youth by correcting the aforesaid bills into forty-one, so as to state that "Cymbeline" *last* produced in this city in the Spring of 1848, or but twenty-nine years ago. The correction, though not quite so far out of the way, is as erroneous in kind as the original statement. In spite of the books of reference from which the manager and his critic in this case severally obtained the information whence they infer that which *no* book of reference states, "Cymbeline" *has* been played in this city since 1848. No book of reference contains the name of the late John R. Scott as Iachimo, and yet Iachimo was one of his best impersonations. We have seen him play it at least once to the Imogen of the late and last Mrs. Thomas S. Hamblin, and we have a notion that we also saw James W. Wallack Jr. play it. But no more than we can forget the fine physiological relish of Anne Hathaway (nee Shakespeare's) in "The French Spy" at the Chatham Theatre, can we forget the shorter lady of fat and forty whose wardrobe in one portion of "Cymbeline" consisted of a short-sword at her side and leather sweaters on the soles of her feet. It may have been in 1850 or 1855 that we saw Mrs. T. S. Hamblin thus. It was certainly after Corson W. Clarke and John Ryder (Macready's right-hand man) had quit the Bowery stock, and we think it was in 1853. Yet we should hesitate to assert that between 1853 and 1856 "Cymbeline" was not played in this city at least a half-dozen times, and we are by no means positive that we have not seen the late Mrs. Melinda Jones play Imogen at another house. Since books of reference cannot guide the critics in this instance, at least one of these four actors must be able to tell about when "Cymbeline" was played in this city between March 4, 1848, and May 14, 1877: S. W. Glenn, M. W. Leffingwell, Edward Lamb, and (we think he was the Pisanio) Robert Johnston.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

In refutation of the claim that this familiar song was written by a brother of Joseph Murphy, the popular comedian, Mr. John Mahon writes us under date of May 11:

> Mr. Pond has just shown me the letter-book of Firth, Pond & Co. for 1851, in which appears a letter to Stephen C. Foster at Pittsburg, and dated Sept. 22, 1851, and from it Mr. P. has kindly permitted me to make the following extract:
>
> "Nelly Bly' goes like hot cakes. 'Willie the Brave' is also doing well. Draw on us at once for $—. *Christy has not yet sung 'Old Folks at Home.'* He therefore desires us to delay the publication for a week or two."
>
> Mr. Pond fears he lost Foster's original letter in the fire of 1863, but he has all the original contracts; and anyone who is interested can see the above letter and the contracts at his store.

This must close the case, so far as THE CLIPPER is concerned. The history of "Old Folks at Home" is thoroughly known in this city.

M. MAUREL.

This eminent baritone, whose first appearance in London was at Covent-garden, on April 21, 1873, as Renato in "Un Ballo in Maschera," has since then achieved some decided successes in that city, notably in Don Giovanni, William Tell and Mephistopheles. In the Spring of 1876, M. Faure having withdrawn from the Royal Italian Opera, London, M. Maurel was chosen as his successor. Apart from possessing a voice of fine quality, he is admirable as an actor, and is furthermore conspicuous for his knowledge of stage-business.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simple. When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A cast-off garment to the one that needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the inebriate—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; rest assured it will help you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person happily through the day; three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and suppose you live forty years only after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy—at all events, for a time. Now, worthy reader, is it not worth accomplishing?

AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.—We are informed that some time ago a party of gentlemen went out snipe-shooting, and that one of the party, a prominent wool-dealer in this city, asserts that with a "Henry rifle" (the sight of which was perfectly adjusted) he shot off the head of a single snipe at a measured distance of 843 yards. Our informant is thoroughly reliable, and if any of the sporting fraternity deny the truth of this statement the proofs can be adduced.—*The Portland* (Oregon) *Standard.*

LIMIT your wants. The must is hard, and yet solely by this must can we show how it is with us in our inner man. To live according to caprice requires no peculiar powers.

NEVER, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others. In other words, "mind your own business."

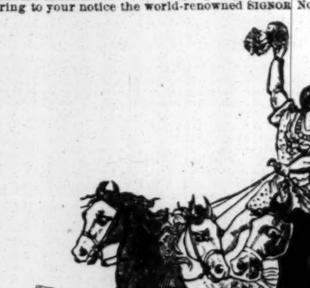
CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALL CIRCUS.

The circus season having fairly opened, we propose to introduce the famous troupe of riders, clowns, voltigeurs, etc., which we have had in training during the entire Winter season when the valuable services of individual members were not required by managers of regular theatres or permanent exhibitions. Our company is probably the best ever organized in America. We shall first bring to your notice the world-renowned SIGNOR NOVISSIMO



IN HIS GREAT FOUR-HORSE ACT—"THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG."

We *call* him Signor Novissimo, but his real name is Jacob Derringer. He *draws* better under the foreign cognomen; for, though American circus-performers are the best in the world, nevertheless they must have a foreign endorsement, and assume a foreign air, before they are properly appreciated in their own country. The four-horse act is not such a favorite now as it was in former years, when the late Samuel Stickney rode into popularity, and became famous as an equestrian; acts of greater interest now take its place, one or two of which will be shown you before the exhibition closes.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

How well do we remember the first time we ever saw and heard a real, live circus clown. How we got within the canvas we do not remember; but, as impecuniosity marked us among its victims, it is quite probable we did some little chore for the boss-canvasman, or carried the traps of some aristocratic acrobat, and in fredom *walked in.* It was an old-fashioned circus—*one* centre-pole, plain boards, unpainted, for season, and the surroundings inside and out in keeping with the extravagant character of the canvas building! My! my! what a gorgeous scene was presented to our view when the lamps were lighted, and the sawdust was raked into nice beautiful heaps! The panoramic of various things we knew nothing of then. Gosh! Nightly we dreamed of that circus for three months. And laugh! Why, that comidal clown set us wild with his funny jokes and tricks, and curious songs. From the moment we first saw that clown cavorting among sawdust and cracking his jokes, while the well-dressed and gentlemanly ringmaster was a-cracking his whip, we wanted no higher position in life—our ambition was to be a clown just like that one; we would have given up our hopes of being President of the United States, if some unfraudulent Insurance company had insured us as the coming clown. Ah, well! Great as has been our experience in the show world since the olden time, we still cherish fond recollections of the circus of our boyhood days, and periodically in the Summer season we go into the country to meet the coming show, and to revive pleasures which will ever be associated with the crude exhibitions of our boyhood days. But stay! We are forgetting our own show, and the performance of to-day. Come along, Mister Merryman! "Here we are, sir!" We now have the pleasure of introducing to you and asking a share of your favor for

His *real* name is Jim Simmons, but owing to family troubles—he being an heir to vast estates in Cohoes, N. Y.—he left his childhood's favorite haunts at an early age, discarded his family name, and assumed that of one of the richest mine-owners in Peru; by which name he is now known throughout the civilized world. You will have an opportunity to judge of his merits. "Who are we to have now, Mr. Marster?" We will now have

DON SEBASTIAN GONZALES.

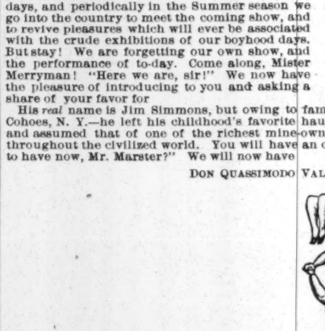
DON QUASSIMODO

VALLANCE AND HIS SON

IN A GREAT TWO-HORSE CARRYING ACT.

"They ride well together, Mister Wilson." "Yes, they are clever performers. See what they will have now." "What will the great Senor Quassimodo condesceond to want?" "The whip, if you please." "That is just what I *don't* want." *(Roars of laughter,* pending which the grand coursers dash on their wild career, and the act is finished in a whirl of intense excitement.)

There are other comical geniuses than the talking



SELESTUS COMPROBANO,

THE GREAT MUSICAL CLOWN OF ABASMAR.

honest parents, now mourning the untimely death of their boy in the late Rebellion.

In addition to the great artists we have already brought before you, it is with a feeling of sincere pleasure that we announce the engagement of KILOOLOH KALALOO,

THE FLYING ZEPHYR OF THE PYRENEES!

She has never appeared in this country. She was desirous of visiting America—of which she had heard great reports—but fear of seasickness deterred her from crossing the great ocean of waters, until we came across her in one of our pilgrimages to Delhi, India. We offered her unusual inducements, guaranteed her against all perils of the ocean, and had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing her affix her autograph to articles of agreement which gave her services to us for one hundred performances in America, we to pay her one thousand dollars in gold rupees for each performance, and to defray all her own traveling expenses, as well as those of her servant and mother, who never permits her to leave her sight. [The candy-butcher must keep quiet whilst we are talking, and the cracking of peanuts should also be suppressed.] She brings her own clown, a young Hoodah of the Burmese empire, who speaks fluently seven different languages, and comes freighted with a fund of jokes prepared expressly for this land of freedom. The lady's specialty is her bareback-riding act on a wild horse of the Pyrenees; and a more graceful and yet dashing and fearless feat of equestrianism has never been witnessed in this country. She turns somersets, jumps over and through hoops, and winds up with the thrilling and awe-inspiring leap for life, which consists in leaving the bareback of her fiery steed, leaping high into air, and remaining there until the wild barb has completed a circuit of the arena, and then, turning a back-forward somerset, alights on the very spot she leaped from a few seconds before. This must be seen to be believed. [Her real name is Susan Colgan; she hails from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; and the clown is Davey Siddell of Atlanta, Ga.]

BASEBALL.

RED CAPS vs. MINNEAPOLIS.

The St. Paul, Minn., Red Caps met the Minneapolis Club at Minneapolis May 10, and defeated them in a well-contested game. The Minneapolis Club made one or two changes, putting Eden at second, Birmingham at right field, and laying O'Day off. This was the result of an unfounded charge of crookedness against O'Day, said to have occurred in the 3-2 game, two days previously, between these clubs. The Reds displayed good batting, Allen making a home run by a tremendous drive to left field.

Red Caps.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Minneapolis.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gross, c.	1	2	8	1	2	Phillips, lst b.	1	1	13	1	2
Mack, s. s.	2	3	0	2	0	Bennett, 3d b.	0	2	3	2	1
Ellick, 3d b.	1	3	1	5	1	Julien, s. s.	0	1	0	3	1
Miller, 2d b.	0	0	0	5	1	Dean, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Gault, lst b.	0	1	14	1	0	Eden, 2d b.	1	1	3	4	3
Ely, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0	Hoffman, c.	0	0	8	0	1
Scott, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Bohn, p.	0	0	2	5	0
Allen, r. f.	1	1	0	0	1	Walsh, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Salisbury, p.	0	1	1	1	2	Birmingham, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	5	12	27	15	7	Totals	2	6	27	15	8

Red Caps	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0—5	
Minneapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1	

Run earned—Red Caps, 1. Struck out—Red Caps, 4; Minneapolis, 6. Left on bases—Red Caps, 3; Minneapolis, 1. First base on errors of opponents—Red Caps, 5; Minneapolis, 3. Home run—Allen. Three-base hit—Ellick. Double-play—Bohn, Eden and Phillips. Base on called balls—Minneapolis, 1. Umpire, Fred Merrill. Time, 1h. 20m.

May 12, these clubs played an 8-inning game, at Stillwater, and the Reds received a severe castigation, being defeated by a score of 9 to 0—the Minneapolis Club knocking six runs out of Witherow's pitching in the first two innings. The Minneapolis nine played a fine game, being credited with but one error. These clubs met again at St. Paul May 12, and played a ten-inning game, which proved the most exciting and creditable game played thus far. Eden was injured in the fifth inning, at second base, and his place was supplied by O'Day, the suspended player, whose appearance was greeted with considerable applause, intended as a sort of vindication from the aspersions cast against his character as a reliable ball-tosser. The Minneapolis Club scored one run in the first inning, and the Reds one in the second. From this point whitewash was the order. In the ninth, Gleason, by a long hit to left centre, made his third base, and would have tallied had it not been for a magnificent throw by Ely from left field to the pitcher, thereby preventing the run and causing Gleason to be left on third. In the tenth inning, the Reds by two safe hits and an error on the part of Phillips scored two runs, giving them the game:

Red Caps.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Minneapolis.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gross, c.	0	2	9	0	2	Gleason, 2d b.	0	3	4	7	1
Mack, s. s.	0	0	0	2	0	Bennett, 3d b.	0	1	1	0	1
Ellick, 3d b.	0	2	2	1	1	Phillips, lst b.	0	0	16	0	1
Miller, 2d b.	1	1	3	5	0	Julien, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0
Gault, lst b.	2	1	11	0	1	Eden, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Ely, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Dean, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Scott, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0	Bohn, p.	0	0	1	4	0
Witherow, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Walsh, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Salisbury, p.	1	2	1	3	0	Hoffman, c.	0	1	8	2	1
Totals	3	10	30	15	4	Totals	1	7	30	19	6

Red Caps	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2	
Minneapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1	

Run earned—Red Caps, 1. Three-base hits—Gross, 1; Gleason, 1. Two-base hit—Gault, 1. First base on errors of opponents—Red Caps, 6; Minneapolis, 2. Left on bases—Red Caps, 5; Minneapolis, 2. Double-plays—Scott and Miller, 1; Salisbury, Miller and Gault, 1. Umpire, C. A. Frost. Time, 1h. 45m.

ALLEGHENY vs. MAPLE LEAF.

The scores of the games played by the above clubs at Guelph, Ont, May 10, 11, were as follow:

Maple Leaf.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Alleghenys.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
T. Smith, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Nelson, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0
W. Smith, r. f.	0	1	0	0	1	Williamson, 2 b	1	0	2	4	0
Dixon, s. s.	0	0	1	5	0	Dolan, c.	0	0	1	8	3
Quinton, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	0	Goodman, 1st b	0	0	6	0	1
Gault, 1st b.	0	1	14	1	0	Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Lapham, 1st b.	1	1	14	0	0	Hoffert, r. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Hastings, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1	Cramer, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Sullivan, p.	0	0	9	2	0	McKelvey, c. f.	1	2	3	0	0
Gillespie, 2d b.	0	0	5	2	1	McKelvey, c.	1	2	5	2	0
Walsh, c.	0	0	3	3	3	Galvin, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	3	3	27	19	11	Totals	2	3	27	8	6

Maple Leaf	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—3	
Allegheny	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	

Struck out—Sullivan, 3; Galvin, 5. Balls called on—Sullivan, 17; Galvin, 9. Strikes called—off Sullivan, 44; Galvin, 26. Bases on errors—Maple Leaf, 2; Allegheny, 5. Passed balls—Walsh, 2; Dolan, 1. Umpire, C. Maddock, Amateur M. L. B. B. C. Time, 1h. 50m.

Maple Leaf.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Alleghenys.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
T. Smith, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Nelson, s. s.	0	1	2	2	0
W. Smith, r. f.	0	0	2	1	0	Williamson, 2b.	1	1	1	3	0
Dixon, s. s.	0	1	0	2	2	Dolan, c.	2	1	3	0	1
Quinton, 3d &c.	0	0	1	1	0	Goodman, 1st b.	0	0	8	0	1
Lapham, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0	Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Hastings, c. f. &c.	0	0	1	0	1	Hoffert, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, p.	0	0	1	0	2	Cremer, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Gillespie, 2d b.	0	0	4	2	0	McKelvey, c. f.	0	0	4	1	0
Welsh, c. 3d b. &c.	0	0	2	2	3	Galvin, p.	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	0	2	27	9	12	Totals	5	8	27	14	2

Maple Leaf	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	
Allegheny	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	1—5	

First base on errors—Allegheny, 4; Maple Leaf, 0. Balls called—on Galvin, 8; on Sullivan, 13. Strikes called—off Galvin, 22; off Sullivan, 40. Passed balls—Dolan, 1; Welch, 2; Hastings, 1. Umpire, A. P. Crooks, Amateur M. L. B. B. C. Time, 1h. 50m.

ST. LOUIS vs. HARTFORD.

Though rain had placed the grounds in anything but good condition, some very skillful work was shown by the Brown Stockings and Hartfords at St. Louis, Mo., May 15. The features of the contest were the base-play of McGeary and a running catch by Remsen. The home nine came out ahead.

St. Louis.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Hartford.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dorgan, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Holdsw'th, c. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Clapp, c.	4	0	1	3	1	0	Start, 1st b.	4	0	1	12	1	0
McGeary, 2b	4	1	5	7	0	0	Remsen, 2b	4	0	0	2	3	0
Battin, 3d b	4	1	1	1	1	0	Carey, s. s.	4	1	0	2	2	1
Force, s. s.	5	0	0	1	2	0	Ferguson, 3 b	4	0	1	1	3	0
Remsen, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	0	York, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Croft, 1st b.	4	1	0	13	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, May 21.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott, Emma
Arnold, Ella
Antonia, Martha
Archer, Little Lottie
Arnold, Hattie
Arlington, May
Anderson, Lizzie
Beaumont, Nellie
Bonilace, Marie (2)
Burton, May
Brown, Mrs. Louise
Bliss, Hattie
Blaisdell, Mrs. J. Peak (c.
Brown, Bella
Bascombe, Laura
Bidwell, Dollie
Canter, Mrs. Rachel
Courtright, Mrs. Nettie
Cerita's Co., Agent (Mrs. Crane, Mrs. W. H.
Courtright, Mrs. "Billy"
Caldwell, Miss Mrs. Oates' Co.)
Courtright, Julia A.
Clyde, Minnie
Cawthorne, Mrs. L. S.
Chapman, Fannie
Craven, Carrie
Corelli, Blanche
Caselli, Alle.
De Granville, Millie
Doyle, Minnie
D'Alvis, Lillie
Drury, Nellie
De Bidwell, Helen
Durand, Kittie
Durand, Miss E. of Soldene's Co.)
De Gray, Lillie
De Forrest, Gussie
Eberts, Kittie
Estelle, Katie
Etta, Mlle. (contortionist)
Edwards, Nellie
Emmerson, Dollie
Fisk, Marian (2)
Francis & Eliza
Wilson, Lillie
Fox, Jessie
Hoy Sisters
Fox, Mrs. M. J.
Forrest, Lillie
Gaugain, Marie
Gray, Maggie (actress)
Goodall, Rose
Gardner, Carrie
Grattan, Emma Gray, Ada
Granger, Maude
Grant, Belle
Gilmore, Fannie
Hooker, Fannie
Hall, Minnie
Howard, Rosa (of Howard Sist.)
Hamilton, Mrs. H.
Kellogg, Alice (with Berger Co.)
Larkell, Nellie
Lola & Denzer Sisters
La Verde, Belle
Leonard, Annie
Lawrence, Madam
Lingard, Mrs. W. H.
Lyon, Mrs. Nellie
La Valle, Ernestine
Maddern, Lizzie
Morelle, Fannie
Miller, Mrs. A.
Morrell Sisters
McGowan, Alice
Mitchell, Lottie (2)
Morgan, Etta
Murphy, Mrs. Martha J.
Mitchell, Kate
Montgomery, Phebe
Mordaunt, Marian
McIntire, Mrs. L.
May, Gracie (vocalist)
May, Clara (vocalist)
Morton, Alice (of Soldene's Co.)
Miller, Jennie
Mulvay, Lizzie
Necta, "Moe"
Osborn, Ella
Orrin, Mrs. Lilla T.
Pendy, Mrs. John
Phillips, Amy
Rinaldine, Annie
Rice, Emma (vocalist)
Rainford, Alice (2)
Russell Sisters
Showles, Mrs. J. I.
Surtile, Fannie
Smith, Kittie (jig-dancer)
Sherwood, Annie
Stanley, Charlotte
Sanborne, Ada
Sanford, "Lou" (2)
St. Charles, Lottie
St. Felix, Madam
Shields, Tillie
Templeton, Fay
Tiffany, Anna W.
Venn, Lizzie
Vernan, Vernie
Verlander, Jeannette
Wyndham, Alice
Weber, Letha (vocalist)
Worrell Sisters
Wallace, Ada (vocalist)
Weems, Miss A.
Wilson, Mollie (2)
Wesner, Ella
Walters, Nellie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allinson, C. W.
Austin Bros.
Anderson, C. (of Lenderf't Minst.)
Adair, Thos. J.
Alliger, J. H.
Austin, Chas.
Adams, Grisaldi
Almonte, Geo.
Andersen, "Archie"
Bishop, A. H.
Barnum, P. T.
Brennan, B. A.
Blossom, "Nat"
Boucicault, Dion
Barlow, Milt G.
Bishop, T. Brigham
Brown, E. B. (2)
Buckley, B. (of Agt. Walker's Co.)
Bryant & Williams
Barber, A. J.
Barrett, Jas. (of N. O. Minst.)
Buckholz, Rich'd.
Byron, O. Doud
Bryant, Billy" (of Bryant & Williams)
Bennett, Frank & Eva
Bartley, "Johnny"
Belknap, Wm. S.
Butler, "Billy"
Bush, T.
Blossom, "Nat" & Bernetta
Bartleman, T.
Bowers, Tuning
Campbell, F. G.
Charles, G. C.
Cronin, Wm.
Calder, Geo. B.
Carhart, Jas. L. (2)
Clark, J. Wesley (hair-maker)
Callender, Chas.
Crocker, Chas. M.
Cummings, J. H.
Colville, Sami.
Cowan, W. H. A.
Cohen, Geo.
Costley, Jos. (2)
Conroy, "Dave"
Clark, "Lew"
Collyer, "Sam"
Doris, W. O'Brien's Cir.)
Dowling, Jas. M.
"Dutch Kid"
De Bonnay, J.
Drew, Henry
Daly & Connolly
De Leon, Leon
Dashington, "Jerry"
Delano, "Jepp"
Diamond, Chas. (2)
De Vere, "Sam" (of Pastor's Co.)
Dixey, E. (of Carncross & Dixey)
De Forest, Henry F.
De Haven, Claude
Davis, "Lew"
Dittman, C. H.
Dixon, Mr. (of Holman Op. Co.)
Devonear, Peter
Delaney, W. T.
Dasey, John
Daley, M. C.
Edwards, "Matt"
Emmett, E.
Edwards, J.
Pastor's Co.
Evans, J. (of Pastor's Co.)
Ellsworth, Geo.
Ellis, H. A.
Evans, R. H.
Elliott, H. J.
France, Geo.
Fish, Jas. S.
Fletcher, W. (of Abbott's Co.)
Furbish, Chas. E.
French, John (2)
Fox, "Len" E.
"F. F. F."
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Fowler, W. W. (2)
Fuller, C. (of Howe & Cush. Cir.)
Franklin, W. (of Dr. Hoffman's Co.)
Gibbons, Frank
Glassford, Walter
Griffin, T. F.
Golick, Jas. A.
Gray, "Billy" (minst. "biz")
Goldrich, Peter
Gus
Goss & Fox)
Gelolien, Master Ginniven, W. (of Gilday & Ginn.)
Gallagher, Alex.
Griffin, Master "Tommy"
Gay, Geo. (of Guy Family)
Gilbert, W. J. & Mrs.
Gallagher, "Tom"
Grover, Wm.
Graham, Chas. (scenic artist)
Glassford, Jr., A.
Huebner, F. C.
Heeney, "Eddie"
Henderson, "Willie"
Herne, John F.
Hall, E. W.
Hartley, Martin
Heinrich, Ferd.
Hall, Mills
Hedges, T.
Reynolds & Manager
Holmes, E. B.
Hall, Geo. (of Cummings & Hines)
Hastings, "Dick"
Harrington & Mc Glein
Hamblin, W. S.
Hague, G. W.
Hodges, Jos.
Herbert, E. (female impers.)
Henshaw, J. (of Healy's Co.)
Height, "Bob" (2)
Hess, Chas. A.
Holmes, G. W.
Hamilton, Theo.
Harold, C. F.
Johnson, Wm. (clown)
Kent, Frank
Kendall, H. A.
Kean, Ainsley
Keene, Chas. A.
Kinnare, E. J.
Kendrick, Frank M.
Kunkel, Geo.
Linden, H.
Lando, Jno. (circus "biz")
Long, T. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Leary, Wm. (circus "biz")
Ledwith, Michael
Lindley, Harry
Leavitt, M. B. (3)
Le Viola, Prof. (gaggery)
Leopold, Ed
Lahart, Henry
Lemoyne, W. J.
Lyle, J.
Little, Chas.
Miller, Fred
Mellingee, Mark S.
Moore, Geo. W.
Moore, "Rockey"
Mack, Harry (comed.)
Mack, Wm.
Maurice, Sidney
Mendell, The
Morse, J. T. (2)
Mallen, "Andy" (comed.)
Makee, Jas. (vocalist)
Mason, "Dan" (Dutch "biz")
Mendel, Harry (Leonie
Murphy, Jos. (comed.)
McWade, Robt.
Martinetti, Albert &c.
Morrison, Lewis
Moulton, Edward
Mack, "Joe" (agent)
Matthews, C. C.
Morton, J. (of Walters & Morton)
Martin, "Sam"
Murdoch, "Sam"
Mauh, "Rel"
Meek, Geo.
Matthews, W. (of "Continental 4")
Meyaver, Louis J.
McManus, C. D.
Newcombe, "Bob" (2)
Niles & Evans
Newton, Chas. E.
Nobles, Milton
Nichols, R. Ham.
Neil, J. M.
Nathan, Sig.
Oakley & Whittaker
Oliver, Chas. H.
O'Brien, Jno. (circus prop.)
O'Neil, Jas. (Irish comedian)
Pearl, C. C.
Peyser, David
Primrose, G. H. (2)
Phillon, Archille
Phillips, Morgan L.
Pedanto, Thos. Sc.
Primrose & West
Patt, C. A.
Parkes, Edwin
Pastor, "Tony"
Peters, Jas. F.
Pope, Chas. R.
Quinn, T. (of Soldene's Co.)
Raymond, J. Plate
Rivers, Martin
Ringler, "Add"
Rooney, "Pat"
Robinson, Harry
Reynolds & Shelton
Rosene, C.
Riddell, Alf.
Rogers, C. (of Holman's Op. Co.)
Ryman, "Add" (2)
Sc.
Reed, S. R.
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Rubini, Sig.
Robinson, Geo.
Reynolds, Barney
Rapier, John
Robson, Stuart
Russell Bros.
Rose, F. Oaks
Rorke, J.
Stetson, E. T.
Stanton, J. (of Pastor's Co.)
Sanford, Col. J. P.
Strakosch, "Max" (3)
Stephens, W. T. or W. J.
Stanley, Ernest
Simmons, "Lew"
Slocum, E. N.
Stevens, R. E.
Slavin, J. H.
Smith, Eugene P.
Siegrist, August 10c.
Sloat, "Dan" (Irish "biz")
Sleeper, Col. "Hal"
Sidney, Geo. S.
Sprague & Blodgett
Sterling, J. A.
Sheppard, W. H. C.
Sanford, W.
Sands, W. A.
Simpson, H. L.
Studley, J. H.
Scanlon & Cronin
Sparks, Henry
Swonsbourne, C. (2)
Sadlo, Prof.
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Tudor, Jno. A. Any
Teeks, Prof. S.
Turck, Marius
Taylor, J. (of "Hen-man" Co.)
Trainer, F. (comed.)
Thompson, "Ben" (Wm. T. (of Cole's Cir.)
Tooker, S. B.
Tavleure, C. W. (2)
Valentine R., Prof.
Vincent, Jas.
Williams, Jesse
Wells, C. B.
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Whitman, Nelson
West, Frank (skating)
Wagner, "Cal"
West, "Lon" (comed.)
Walworth & Oakley
Wallace, J. (of Soldene's Co.)
West, W. H. (of Primrose & West)
Weston, T. (of Soldene's Co.)
Wells, Harry C. (2)
Ward, W. H. (of Ward & Bedford)
Wiley, "Lem" (H. (2)
Washburn, E. S.
Walters, Thos. J.
Weidman, Charlton
Young, C. W.
Zera, Prof. (2)

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING are at the Detroit (Mich.) Post office: Irving N. Blodgett, Ed. Varrey, Annie Foldene and Edwin Stanford.

THERE ARE LETTERS IN the Paterson (N. J.) Post-office for the Furbish Dramatic Company and J. W. Wilson, manager.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, May 21, '77.

We had a little Carnival once—perhaps we had better say as little about it as possible, for we feel very much discouraged by our first effort, and nobody implicated in the affair is willing to be interviewed upon the subject. "Rex" has not been very well since the procession, the fatigue and worriment incident to the great outdoor free-show rendering him somewhat *non est*, if not null and void, ever since he laid aside the royal robes of office, and hid away his little trousers, which he will need now nevermore. The personality of "Rex" has been a subject of keen dispute and acrimonial acrimony; but the accepted verdict is that he was some great Kentucky bear in disguise, and this is borne out by the fact that for a long time he has been a-*hrestin'!* [Comical effusion.—ED.] To speak in a mild tone of voice and with malice towards none, we may pronounce our first Carnival a dreary, solemn failure, the night procession, in its unrighteousness, being more like a funeral pageant than a jovial parade of "the jolly sons of Momus." "Our Jim," who was one of the shining lights (?) of the show, admits that it was *light-wasted!* How it could be *light-wasted* when there were no lights to waste, is one of those problems of life which imperil human happiness in efforts to solve them. The spectators made light of the affair, and that was all there was of light connected with it. We feel sorry for "the great metropolis;" for envious traducers in cities that are *not* metropolises will, under cover of home protection, hurl their venomous shafts at our unfettered esculchenon, and endeavor to "whistle it down the wind" in their unbridled scorn. Jimmy, give her a turn or two, and see what she has to put on the record about

THE FREE SHOW

High Carnival" in every form
Held all New York in full possession.
And, though one "Rex" ruled over all,
There were *more* wrecks in the procession.

.....Somewhere in a reconstructed district of the South there has been quite a "skeer," owing to prevalent rumors of a live lion running loose in adjacent parts. For the sake of those timid people, we regret that domestic affairs will not permit of our going to their relief, and securing that wild and roaring king of the forest. We have a knack of catching lions and other beasts of prey which our brethren down there would do well to emulate. Here is our secret: You just put a pinch of salt on the tail of the lion, and you render him as tame and pliant as a political office-seeker, and a little child may lead him. It is now said that the ferocious lion is nothing more than a big yaller dog. That makes no difference—the salt will do just the same on a dog's tail. . . We wept real tears of sorrow and anguish when intelligence reached us last week that, at the close of the second act of "Miss Multon," at the Boston Theatre, Miss Clara Morris dismissed the audience because of the inefficient manner in which other characters in the play were presented! And this in the "Modern Athens!" O shade of Joseph Blueskin! is it thus the intellectuality of America blots the dramatic page of our glorious country? [More tears.—ED.].....And talking of dogs reminds us of our recent canine display, in which we feel that pride a policeman feels in nipping a burglar when he steals. Sir Walter Scott loved dogs. "Did he, though? What was his *kennel worth?*" Why, a novel, of course, James.....That brings back an old-time memory. Once, when trade was good, and we had a room on the top floor of the Astor House, we felt privileged to speak to the proprietor now and then for of having him thrust a bill before us, as is their wont in all well-regulated hotels. So one day, after a comfortable dinner, and while wondering if the friends of our youth were equally blessed with toothsome provender, we said to the man who kept the place: "Do you ever have 'old associations' come over you?" "Never but once," said he—"the Jim-jam Club, *the oldest association in the city, came over me* for a wine bill—ninety dollars! But never, oh, never again!".....It is said that McCullough the actor has sold his play of "Metamora." Let's see; didn't somebody once say something a funny about this play? "Metamora!" John!" You're right, Jimmy: it *was* the genial John Brougham, who in a moment of calm delight declared that he never *met a wave a-musing* lay. It is barely possible friend Brougham may have adapted it from something he had heard say some time previously at a banquet given in honor of "The Great American Plebiter!".....We must discourage any attempt to import a pyramid of Egypt into this country! No matter how attractive it might *appear amid* the natural curiosities of a traveling circus and sideshow, the expense of taking it about from place to place would be heavier than the pyramid itself. Better give up the idea, and stick to the baby-elephant. . . . Old Sol came up smiling last week, and let out a reef in his flying-jib that sent us to grass like a cow! The week before we growled like a hired man because the weather was so cold, and we hurriedly resurrected the Winter clothes we had inurned a little while ago, when a heated spasm laid us gently by the brookside. It's hard to tell *what* to do! To-day it's one thing, to-morrow it's another. Foreigners call ours a very trying *climate*, and yet they *climb at us* like a *climbing climatis!* (To save time and trouble, we have in this sentence italicised a word here and there whose brevity is the soul of it. Jimmy, we can no more impart the genius of our wit to you than you can impart the strength of your appetite to us.—ED.] The theatres were thawed out, as it might be, for not a single manager would own up to turning away hundreds of patrons who were unable to obtain so much as standing-room! When we take a stroll among the places of amusement, and observe the rows of untenanted seats, we quietly wend our way into the house next door, and cry by the hour! The barkeeper derides us, and says it is a selfish feeling with us—that we are fearful of not getting our advertising-bills requited. This is *worse* than cruelty to animals. There's not a manager in this city who fails to honor our bills on sight, though he has to borrow the money to do it with, and we denounce the unlicensed barkeeper as a villain and a slave. Upon the Rialto we see the faces of Thespians who have been absent during the past six months. They have closed their terms of service, and their "works do follow them." They come to negotiate anew. And here we propose to make rhymes about

THE WANING SEASON.

The season's nearly over (one of a bad renown),
And soon will all the actors be "making for the town."
The different "lines of business"—some with their hard-earned gains—
Will come ashore from steamers and tumble out of trains;
'Tis their dramatic Mecca, our hard and dusty ground,
For here in great profusion the managers are found
Who come to seek new people, "regardless of expense,"
From handsome "leading ladies" to sprightly "walking gents."
You'll find them at the "agent's," who puts upon his desk
The book that tells of bright "soubrettes" who also "play burlesque."
Stage-doorkeepers are busy, for their phantom-seats is to be $2 and $2.50 each, respectively.

HAMILTON HARRIS writes us as follows concerning the interruption to the action of the play of "The Twelfth Night" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, as mentioned in our past issue: "It is the rule at the theatre that the properties necessary to a scene are to be handed to us at the time of being called for it. Last Friday night, owing to some unaccountable neglect—for everything goes on like clock-work at this establishment—my purse was not given me; and when it was necessary to give Sebastian the purse, I was at a loss for a moment how to 'get through' without it. I took a liberty with Shakespeare—which I hope he will forgive me for—and, telling Sebastian he would find my purse at yonder inn,' made my exit. In the meantime the prompter, noticing the pause, commenced to prompt, of which I took no notice, as you say, for it was not lines I wanted—it was a purse."

THE LARGE CROWDS of people who assembled upon the various streets to view the Carnival procession on the night of May 15 affected the attendance at all of our places of public amusements in a marked degree. The extremely warm weather, which immediately followed, also exerted a depressing effect.

TOM HORN'S REMAINS, which since his funeral have reposed in the receiving-vault in Evergreen Cemetery, were committed to their final resting-place there May 16, in the presence of Mrs. Tony Pastor, T. G. Riggs and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moore. A neat headstone, bearing an appropriate inscription, marks the spot. Both grave and stone were provided at the expense of Tony Pastor.

D. H. HARKINS intends starring next season in sensational dramas.

W. HORACE LINGARD and Alice Dunning (Lingard) arrived from California during the past week.

G. W. MOORE left for Boston, Mass., May 17.

DIVORCED.—Regina Thorne procured a divorce from Edwin F. Thorne, in the Supreme Court, before Judge Barrett, May 16.

EDWARD E. KIDDER, the well-known business-manager, has been engaged by Morris Simmonds to aid him in the transaction of the business of his dramatic agency.

JOHN SCHOEFFEL, late comanager of the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., is in town.

CHARLES ADAMS, an American tenor, who has been singing for some years past in Germany, arrived here May 16.

MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT made her debut on the dramatic stage, acting Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," in Booth's Theatre, May 17.

AT THE LONDON the fresh attractions this week are to be Banker and Mills, Connors and Coleman, Fish and Todd, Achille Philion, Richmond and Emmett. The following of the past week's company will be retained: Fanny V. Reynolds, Sam Holdsworth and James Danvers, Erwin Thomas, Charles A. Vincent and Georgie Morrell, James Welch and Maude Lemoine, Master Dunn, Master Moncrief, Charles Crisdie and the Zanfretta Troupe.

A SHORT SUMMER SEASON is to be inaugurated at the Grand Opera-house June 4, when it is probable that John T. Raymond will appear as Col. Sellers, supported by a powerful cast.

"CYMBELINE" was produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre May 14, and announced on the bills as "not acted here for forty years." The last previous cast in this city of which we can at present command a copy is that of its performance at the Bowery Theatre, March 4, 1848, where it had been produced Feb. 28 of that year for the first time in twenty years, as announced. It may be of interest to append the cast of both productions.

	BOWERY.	FIFTH-AVENUE.
Cymbeline	E. L. Tilton	E. K. Collier
Posthumus	Thomas Barry	Eben Plympton.
Iachimo	Wyzeman Marshall	J. B. Studley.
Pisanio	C. W. Clarke	F. Hardenberg.
Belarius	H. E. Stevens	C. Fisher.
Cloten	Charles Burke	J. Drew.
Guiderius	J. H. Hall	J. Haworth.
Arviragus	H. Jordan	F. Bennett.
Cornelius	W. H. Bellamy	
Madan		Mr. Ayling.
Lochrine		Mr. Jenkins.
Caius Lucius		Mr. Pierson.
Philario		H. Harris.
Varus		Mr. McArtney.
Queen	Mrs. H. Jordan	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
Helen	Mrs. C. M. Walcot	Miss Emily Rigl.
Imogen	Mrs. Shaw	Miss A. Neilson.

Miss Neilson, who has achieved success throughout the country during the past season by her impersonation of Imogen, received an emphatic endorsement from the ladies and gentlemen in attendance during the entire week. Her Imogen is artistically far superior to her Juliet or her Rosalind, and direct comparison with these roles is suggested by the action and thesis of the play. Her most notable scenes were the interview with Iachimo, where she overthrows his perfidy, and is finally led to forgive him through love for her absent husband, and with Pisanio, when he is about to kill her. In these scenes she acted with much pathos; also in the meeting with Belarius and his pupils in the forest, while she is clad in male attire, which enabled her to display Lucc's dainty comicalities and the awkwardness which made her Rosalind so attractive. E. K. Collier was satisfactory as Cymbeline; Eben Plympton's Posthumus was characterized by dignity and vigor; J. B. Studley was quite successful in portraying the wily Italian Iachimo, his acting being quiet, intense and natural; F. Hardenberg read the lines of Pisanio intelligently, and was otherwise correct; Charles Fisher as Belarius, J. Haworth as Guiderius, and F. Bennett as Arviragus gave the forest-scenes in an effective style. John Drew was overweighted as Cloten—a character which requires a comedian of greater experience and artistic ability to give it a proper and effective portrayal. The rest of the cast was satisfactory. Owing to the great strain upon Miss Neilson's physical powers in acting Imogen, the bill was changed on Friday night to "Twelfth Night," with Miss Neilson as Viola, and the remainder of the cast the same as during the previous week. At the matinee Saturday "London Assurance" was acted with the following cast: Sir Harcourt Courtly, Charles Fisher; Charles Courtly, Henry Crisp; Mark Darkway, W. Davidge; Meddle, F. Hardenberg; Dolly Spanker, John Drew; James, Mr. Jenkins; Martin, Mr. Ayling; Cool, F. Bennett; Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Fanny Davenport; Grace Harkaway, Miss Emily Rigl; Pert, Miss Sydney Cowell. "Cymbeline" was the bill for the Saturday matinee, and will return here early in the Fall to resume his entertainments.

F. A. SAYER, treasurer of the Park Theatre, died at half-past five o'clock P. M. May 19, after a short illness, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Mr. Sayer was 33 years of age, and a native of Boston, Mass. He received an architectural draughtsman, but some few years ago he came to this city, and, not finding employment congenial to his tastes, he engaged with A. R. Samuells, when that gentleman opened the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., as chief ticket-seller. At the opening of the Park, in this city, Mr. Sayer was engaged as treasurer, which position he held up to his last illness. He was affable in manners, and well liked by all with whom he was brought in contact. A short time previous to his death he had invented and perfected an auditorium of the Park Theatre for the purpose of selling seats, instead of using the old-fashioned diagram. He had also made arrangements to supply theatres throughout the country with similar models, and orders for them were being rapidly received. His funeral took place from his late residence at one o'clock P. M., May 21, and his remains were interred in Evergreen Cemetery.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Arabella Root's concert in aid of the poor, given at Chickering Hall May 14, had among the performers Messrs. W. J. Hill and H. G. Lumbard in vocal selections; Miss Zeline Manby, violin selections; Miss Annie Louise Cary at the organ, and August Young as piano-accompanist.....Little Pearl, the Lilliputian violinist, appeared at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening last, assisted by Messrs. Brode, second violin; Risch, viola; and Werner, 'cello. Her evidence of progress and a solo, Mme. Essipoff is to call for Europe May 23.....Prof. Alex. Graham Bell lectured on sound and electricity at Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, experimenting over the wires with his telephonic apparatus between New Brunswick, Trenton and New York, successfully transmitting vocal and instrumental music and speech between these points.....The Sunday-evening concert at the Grand Opera-house presented again Pyke's Madrigal boys and Glee Club and Kenny's Orchestra as the performers.....Gilmore's Garden is to reopen as a Summer resort on May 24.

THE SIXTEENTH-STREET THEATRE, late Parisian Varieties, which was opened May 15 for a season of dramatic, variety and burlesque performances, under the management of A. H. Sheldon, suddenly closed after the performances of 16, three entertainments only having been given.

AUGUSTIN DALY during the past week renewed his lease of the Fifth-avenue Theatre for three years.

T. L. DONNELLY, comanager of the Grand Opera-house, has leased the Neptune House, Rockaway Beach, and will open it for the Summer season on or about May 28.

TOMASI'S JUVENILE ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE, which recently performed at the Olympic, is to occupy Tony Pastor's Theatre this week.

POOLE & DONNELLY have taken a lease of the Grand Opera-house for another year.

EGYPTIAN HALL opened for the season May 19.

THE LITTLE FRENCH CLOWN, the Flying Birdcage, the Living Pictures, the Silver Rings, and the Seventh Bullet will be the features at Heller's Wonder Theatre this week, and the stage will be entirely divested of the drapery and furniture hitherto used.

SARGENT left on May 16 for San Francisco, Cal., to arrange for Robert Heller's forthcoming season in that city.

MANAGERS John T. Ford of Baltimore and Washington and John A. Ellsler of Cleveland and Pittsburg were in town last week.

"VESTA" is to be produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre May 28, and will be performed one week only.

FOR MISS FANNY DAVENPORT'S BENEFIT at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, Saturday night, May 26, "The Hunchback" is to be performed, with Miss Neilson as Helen, Miss Davenport as Helen, E. L. Davenport as Master Walter, and Charles Coghlan as Sir Thomas Clifford.

CARLISLE & CAVERLY, dramatic and variety agents, publish a list of managers with whom they are doing business, and to whom they refer as responsible for evidence of their ability to properly execute the business of their clients. They also make known their facilities for quickly effecting engagements, both here and in Europe.

THE PARK THEATRE closed for the season May 19, one week earlier than had been originally intended. A. R. Taylor and the company in "The Gilded Age" continued the attraction. There will be no Summer season at this theatre.

MISS NEILSON is to act Juliet at the Fifth-avenue Theatre May 21, 22, 24, Viola in "Twelfth Night" 23, and for her farewell benefit, 25, Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," with Charles Coghlan as Claude Melnotte; and Juliet in the balcony-scene of "Romeo and Juliet," with Geo. Rignold, who has volunteered as Romeo.

STEPHEN FISKE, business-manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, is to have a benefit June 2, the last night of the regular season.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON and G. S. Mortimer, his business-manager, arrived from the West May 21. They report business during their recent tour as being good in the large towns, but bad in the small ones.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, "The Princess Royal" continued the attraction the past week. Owing to a sudden change of bill at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, several changes in the cast were made. On May 14 Henry Crisp replaced J. B. Studley as Kerner, and acted that character during the week, save at the Saturday matinee, when Mr. Studley again assumed it. Agnette was acted by Miss Sydney Cowell 14, 15, and matinee and night 16, by Miss Georgie Drew 17, 18, and by Miss Florence Rockaway Beach, and will open it for the Sum-m

THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Ill., gave a good performance to a satisfactory business the past week, presenting Joe F. Taylor in cornet-solos; Prof. De Houme, the one-legged tight-rope artist; Belle Morton and Mollie Wilson in vocalisms; Taylor, Green and Taylor, the musical team, in their specialties; Etta May, song-and-dance; De Witt Cook, club-swinger; and the Jaspers, concluding with the entire company in the cast of "Forbidden Pleasures," which was very fairly rendered. The new appearances 21 will be M. C. Healey and Ella Saunders, Irwin Sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Brown.....The Academy of Music has been doing a good business, giving in its list of attractions Gibson and Binney in double-pedestal clog without music; Edna Wellington in classic statues; Chas. W. Young in "Flewy Flewy," the Haley Brothers, Kate Howard, Redmond and Devoe, and Little Estelle.....The Globe Theatre, under the proprietorship of J. H. Suits, having been thoroughly remodeled and refitted, is supplying an excellent class of entertainments, and is being rewarded with a fair share of patronage. Next (this) week an entirely new company in "The Mountain Meadow Massacre."..... At the Museum, the engagement of Den Thompson as Joshua Whitcomb and the season at that theatre closed May 19. In addition to the play, a short variety bill was presented, embracing a sketch entitled "Divorced," with Ben Cotton, J. H. Benni and Miss Nellie Cotton in the cast; Hodgson and Hawkins' German acts; Julia Wilson and Lillian Dayton, vocalists; and Fostelle and Leonora Bradley in "Ride in the Kitchen." Sunday night a benefit will be given to Mr. Thompson. The Museum will reopen Aug. 20, Mr. Cotton leaving for the East Monday to secure attractions.....The Adelphi Theatre was closed the past week, during which it has been renovated and refitted for a reopening May 21, under the new management, with Harvey's Minstrels as the attraction, in the list of which we note the familiar names of Billy Rice, Charles Heywood, Add Ryman, and Matt Wheeler and others. (Letter of May 19.

PITTSBURG, PA., VARIETY NEWS up to May 19 is as anticipated: "An elaborately-gotten-up female-minstrel scene opened the performance at Trimble's Varieties, with Charley Benedict and G. W. Herman as end-men. Pete Cannon sang Irish songs effectively; the Parisian Ballet Troupe gave a character ballet entitled 'The Jockey Club,' and later another called 'La Minuet,' in which Mlle. Annetta Cardella and Miss Frankie Christie distinguished themselves as premieres, and Belle Clifton as a high-kicker; Emma Brennan sang acceptably serio-comic songs; 'The Stage-struck Couple' introduced Emma Brennan, G. W. Pike and John E. Ince, who gave imitations of prominent actors; John and Maggie Fielding were seen in a new sketch called 'Folly and Fancy,' in which they made a hit. Big good. Closing the 19: John and Maggie Fielding, to Cleveland; Parisian Ballet Troupe, Baltimore; Emma Brennan and John E. Ince, Detroit. To arrive 21: Joe J. Dowling, W. T. Stephens, May Treah and their trained dogs, Connors and Kelly, Ione Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Alfredo and Vanetti, and Emma Monticello.....At the Fourth-avenue Theatre the performance opened with Dan Sully in Irish comicalities; A. H. Searles on the flying-rings displayed grace and agility; Georgie Parker gave a fair song-and-dance; the O'Brien Brothers with favor in a good double-clog dance; and Barrie Durell appeared in operatic selections. 'The Black Hand,' in which Frank Jones appeared in six characters and played upon various musical instruments, brought the performance to a close. Departure 19: Barrie Durell, to Cleveland. Opening 21: Emma Bretto, Ada Adair, Jessie Williams, and Agnes Sully."

CHAS. S. ROGERS and Mattie Vickers in their burlesque sketch, in which they give imitations of prominent actors, are to perform in Washington, D. C., May 31, Boston, Mass., June 4.

HEUCK'S OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., Hubert Heuck proprietor and Jas. Douglas manager, is to open for the season May 26 with a variety and musical entertainment. Artists are advertised for.

THE SUMMER SEASON of the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., began May 13, a very large audience being present. The performance commenced with the farce of "Smith and Brown," Bob Butler and J. O. Hall playing the principal characters. Lillie Hassan as the Active Girl sang well and did some good clog-dancing; Lester and Williams, in songs and dances, were good; Leni Hassim's serio-comic songs were fair; the Irwin Sisters won much applause in their musical sketch; Edith Lyle sang operatic selections; Bobby Newcomb in his specialties was the principal card; Ferguson and Mack, who are improving rapidly, created a deal of laughter in their original acts; the Hassan Sisters sang duets in a pleasing manner; John Le Favre Manning on the single trapeze won applause, but his mode of opening his act will do for the first night only; Georgie Florence McCalin is a vocalist of a high order, and she was deservedly applauded; Bob Butler's pantomime "Nicodemus" closed the performance. Business large all the week. Bobby Newcomb's benefit 17 was a success. Closing 19 are Irwin Sisters and Bobby Newcomb, to Chicago, and Lester and Williams. To open 20: the Brennans, Capt. George Llable, Carrie Avery, Edna Orr, and Kitty Forrest. .....No change at the Tivoli. Letter dated May 18.

PERFORMERS are wanted for the Coliseum, Toledo, O. Address Charles Stedtnbrow, proprietor.

JAMES S. EDWARDS is organizing a comic-operatic combination for next season, and he desires to hear from managers of halls and opera-houses. See card.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., the first-part has consisted of a parlor minstrel-scene, with Geo. Kurtz and Monte Collins on the ends. In the olio appeared Dan Leavitt, Prof. D. B. Hughes, illusionist; Ida Phillips' art groupings, Millie Brooks, Collins and Moore, Wilson Sisters, Cashman and Dwyer, and Cool Burgess, the performance concluding with the burlesque of "The Brigand" by Lisa Weber, Lizzie Kelsey, and the company. Business large. Billed for 21: Sam Devere, Keating and Sands, Miss Eva West and Coleman and Dwyer. The sensational dancer Mlle. Marie Gaugain and the whole ballet-corps will appear in the burlesque of "Pluto"....At the Howard Athenæum, the sensational drama "Wide Awake," with Geo. France, Sid. C. France, E. W. Marston and the company in the cast, was given for the first four nights of the week, preceded by Lizzie Mulvey in songs-and-dances; McCullough and Casey, clog-dancers; and the farce "Your Life's in Danger." On Friday and Saturday Tony Pastor's Combination held the theatre. Next (this) week Schoolcraft & Coes' Minstrels are announced. Letter of May 19.

AT SMITH'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich., the company consists of Burton Stanley, female-impersonator; Frank Carlton, song-and-dance; Hattie and Bennie Grinnell; the Dillons—James and Susie—in songs and a sketch; Petrie and Fish, breakneck song-and-dance; Hattie Hawthorne, Jennie McLain, Kittie Shepard and Dan Griffin. Business good. Tommy Dayton and Annie Ratelle closed 12, going to Chicago. Ted Winnetts and Lou Howard are announced for 21.

THE COMPANY at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., the past week consisted of Johnny Shay and Hank Goodman, Lizzie Parker, Flora Moore, Connors and Kelly, Ione Lang, Mullen and Magee and James Woodville. Departures 19: Flora Moore and James Woodville, to Chicago; Mullen and Magee, Buffalo; Ione Lang, Conners and Kelly, Lizzie Parker and Hi Chapman, to Pittsburg. Arrivals 21: D. L. Morris, the Lenton Family, Jerome and Cameron, and Edith McLain. SKETCH ARTISTS are wanted by Chas. Traub, who advertises.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were in Lima, O., May 17, Fort Wayne 18, Van Wert 19, and show in Piqua 21, Troy 22, Findlay 23, Upper Sandusky 24, Bucyrus 25, and Mansfield 26. Mr. Duprez has now concluded to close the present season June 2 or 16, and he will organize again early in August. Several musicians and performers are wanted for the Fall season. See advertisement.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS performed in Portland, Me., May 18, 19, and are billed in Gloucester, Mass., 23, New Bedford 24, Taunton 25. They are dodging circuses now, so they are bothered about making their route ahead.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS are to show in Providence, R. I., May 21, 22, 23.

TAMBOURINES AND BONES of Roe Stephens' make are advertised elsewhere.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS showed in Grand Rapids, Mich., May 18, Hastings 19, and Battle Creek 21, Albion 22, Battle Creek 23, Ypsilanti 24, Detroit 25, 26. Their business is reported to be good. For list of company see advertisement.

SWEATNAM & FRAZER'S MINSTRELS closed their season in Philadelphia on May 19. Murphy and Morton had a benefit May 17.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS will commence a week's engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, June 4.

JOHNSON'S VIRGINIA MINSTRELS are announced to appear at J. C. Stewart's New Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing May 21.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS were re-engaged at the Pittsburg Opera-house for the week ending May 19, George Thatcher and Lew Simmons appearing on the ends in the first-part. Welch and Rice were seen in double songs-and-dances. W. Henry Rice as prima-donna added to his previous good reputation here, and G. W. Harley's sweet singing gave general satisfaction. Business, owing probably to the excessive heat, was not what it should have been.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are billed to perform in Peteboro, Ont., May 21, Belleville 22, Kingston 23, Brockville 24, Ottawa 25, 26, Ogdensburg, N. Y., 27, 28, Montreal, Canada, 29, 30, 31, Sherbrooke June 1, Gorham, N. H., 2, Portland, Me., 4, 5.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are billed to perform in Reading, Pa., May 24.

SWEATNAM & FRAZER'S MINSTRELS are to show in Reading, Pa., May 24.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to play in Detroit, Mich., May 25, 26. C. W. Pringle is now the agent.

SCHOOLCRAFT & COES' MINSTRELS performed in Albany, N. Y., May 14, 15, 16, and are announced this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

CIRCUSES.

Great Metropolitan Olympiad.

CONGRESS OF EDUCATED BRONCHO-HORSES AND TRAINED ANIMAL EXPOSITION.

THE OFFICERS are J. H. Mack, general director; P. T. Wootten, treasurer; Charles Hassen, general agent; J. T. Fields, press agent; Thomas Bennett, leader of band; George Holland, leader of orchestra; Robert White, superintendent of horses; John Macarty, superintendent of canvas; J. Dolser, superintendent of animals; James Convoy, superintendent of lithographing.

STOCK.—James Maguire and J. C. Murphy.

ATTRACTIONS.—A troupe of wild Broncho-horses—Nettle leaps over six horses standing abreast; Bravo and Bonito play on a saw, hide-and-seek, leap-frog, and open a box, remove contents, and close box; Cupid ascends a ladder backward and forward, surrounded by flames of fire, discharges a cannon at word of command, also while leaping over a gate, the cannon being lashed to its back; Flora rolls a barrel up and down an inclined plane; Kitty, "the Bear Dancer," leaps gates backward and forward, displays rainbow color-fringe at the request of the audience, and leaps through hoops of fire; Denver, "the drillmaster," captain of the squad and director of the military-drill, in which all the horses participate, marching, wheeling, charging, retreating and counter-marching at the word of command; and Adelina, manege mare.

CIRCUS COMPANY.—Lola, trapeze performer; the La Rue Family, gymnasts and acrobats; Mlle. Idaletta and Mons. Wallace in feats under water; the Denzer Sisters, gymnasts and stage-wire performers; Kittie Pearl in a pony manege act; Robert White, manege-rider; the Glencoe Brothers, gymnasts and acrobats; Prof. Dolser, "Lion King;" and Mlle. Marietta, slack-rope performer, who also makes an outside ascension previous to each day performance.

TRICK MULES "Ozark" and "Bob," two Rocky Mountain goats ("Sebastian" and "Winfred") in a double riding act, and a cage of performing lions.

SHOW ORGANIZED in Nashville, Tenn. They travel by rail, and are now exhibiting in the Cumberland Valley, Tenn.

SIDESHOW CURIOSITIES are wanted by Barber & Cunningham, who also advertise for a reed organ.

SELLS BROTHERS' EUROPEAN CIRCUS has started on its Summer tour. It is reported that, owing to almost constant rains, the business has been light. They were in Sedalia, Mo., May 16.

PULLMAN & HAMILTON'S London Sensation and Field Museum exhibited in Vernon, N. J., May 17, and is billed in Goshen, N. Y., 21.

"HOWES & CUSHING'S CIRCUS arrived in Cienfuegos, Cuba, a few days ago," says a correspondent under date of May 9, "and are to commence in Cardenas May 10."

H. A. KINGCADE and his two boys, in their equestrian and acrobatic specialties, advertise for an engagement.

THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN CIRCUS exhibited in White Plains, N. Y., May 14, and is billed in Passaic, N. J., 23.

JAMES L. DUNN died of consumption in Crawfordsville, Ind., May 13, at the age of 33 years. He was, it is believed, a native of Rochester, N. Y., and had relatives there, from whom he had been separated about ten years. He was quite well known in the circus profession. His remains were buried in Oak Hill Cemetery 14.

THAYER & NOYES' UNITED STATES CIRCUS showed on the Bel Air Lot, Baltimore, Md., May 15, 16, to poor business, Annapolis 17, Frederick 18, Ellicott City 19, and will exhibit in Cumberland 21, Martinsburg, Va., 22.

DAVIS & CO., who advertise, have an elephant for sale.

A PARTNER with capital, to take an interest in a show, is advertised for by Os. Arbuckle.

A GOOD PAD-HORSE for a lady is wanted for Barnum's Show. See J. J. Nathans' card.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE, at their last session, passed a law prohibiting the employment of children under 14 years of age in the show business. It is a copy of the law now in effect in this and several other States.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF SONGS, also acts, sketches, etc., are written to order by Ned Straight, who advertises.

THE FIFTH-AVENUE LYCEUM, Pittsburg, Pa., will be completed and ready for occupancy about Aug. 10. It will seat 1,300 people, will be furnished with fire-proof scenery, and can be rented by applying to J. N. Gotthold, as per card.

SONGS, sketches, etc., are written to order by S. T. P., who can be addressed care of this office.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE is to be built in Waverly, Ia., by a stock company, and it is thought that it will be completed by Sept. 15 next. It is to be 110x44ft., with a stage 24x20ft., well supplied with scenery, and will have a seating capacity for 700 persons.

PROF. J. T. ROTHROCK will deliver a series of seven lectures in Horticultural Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, commencing May 19. The Horticultural Society of that city is the only one in the world, as far as can be ascertained, that has held forty-nine consecutive exhibitions, and great efforts are being made to make the fiftieth one worthy of its semi-centennial.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was largely attended during the week ending May 19.

AT THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION in Philadelphia the attendance last week averaged about five thousand persons per day, except on Saturday, May 19, when over thirty-one thousand entered the gates.

AN INDIAN CHIEF—Cattowallah—gave a lecture May 15 at Federal Hall, Philadelphia.

"THE CORKS"—a social organization of Philadelphia—will have a picnic on June 4, the entire proceeds being devoted, as heretofore, to charitable purposes.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Philadelphia, is now holding its annual Spring exhibition.

THE MIDGETS Gen. Mite and Lucia Zarate attracted fair audiences in Troy, N. Y., during the week ending May 19. The management offered Zarate's diamond ring to any child over one year of age who could wear it, but refused to give it to a son of A. S. Packard, a little fellow of eighteen months of age, upon the third finger of whose right hand it fitted as though made for it. A similar case is reported in Albany, and the parents of both losers will test the matter in court, the Albany case coming off May 28. Letter of May 19.

A PUNCH-AND-JUDY MAN, fire-eater, and sleight-of-hand performer are wanted for Powers' Museum. See J. H. Powers' card.

M. B. COWLES, advance agent, desires an engagement. He gives some excellent references in his advertisement.

REV. H. W. BEECHER will lecture in Rutland, Vt., May 28, Burlington 29, Montpelier 30, and Claremont, N. H., 31.

J. B. GOUGH will speak in Halifax, N. S., May 28, 29.

PROF. DARE, gymnast and high-rope walker, gave exhibitions at Steubenville, O., May 11, 12, Washington, Pa., 14, Wheeling, W. Va., 15, 16, and Bellair, O., 17, 18, 19.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, performs in Cazenovia, N. Y., May 22, 23, 24, Morrisville 25, 26, 28.

HALL'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Owensboro, Ky., is advertised as open for rental.

MANAGERS desiring an agent are requested in B. M. Stevens' card to apply to the address given.

A NEW LITHOGRAPH of "The Billposter's Dream" has just been issued by the National News Company of this city. We acknowledge the receipt of a copy.

JNO. J. BOGAN, teacher of the banjo and stage-dancing, and dealer in banjos, etc., inserts his card in another column.

THE ATTENTION of the profession is called to the advertisement of R. Taggart of the West-side storage warehouse, No. 10 Abingdon square who, takes charge of the domestic goods, furniture and valuables of persons temporarily leaving the city, storing them in burglar and fire proof buildings. He likewise forwards goods to and from Europe and any point in this country, delivering as desired, paying all duties, costs and charges. He will, if requested, make advances at the rate of seven per cent.

CORVELLA AND MARKS are to give rope-ascensions in Allentown, Pa.; May 21, Catassaqua 22, Mauch Chunk 23.

H. C. TRYON and L. L. Graham, scenic-artists, publish their address in this issue.

SNAKES AND ANIMALS are offered for sale by D. G. Burns in his card elsewhere, giving prices and particulars.

PROF. RING advertises for an advance-agent for his stereopticon exhibition.

AMATEUR.

THE OPERETTA of "The Haymakers" was given at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., May 16, with success.

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP" was produced by the Wheatley Dramatic Association of Philadelphia May 16.

THE LOTTA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia produced the comedy "Clouds" on May 17 at Federal Hall, in that city.

MESSRS. MORAN AND WRIGHT are to have a complimentary benefit May 25 at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia.

A COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL will be given to Frank Yerance by the Chanfrau Dramatic Association and other amateurs on the 29th inst., at Turn Hall, this city. The first act of "Hamlet," with the beneficiary as the Dane, will be the feature of the evening. "The Irish Lion," "Married and Settled," and an olio will fill up the programme, a ball and reception concluding the festivities.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"PHIL'S FOLLY," a comedietta by F. Haywell, was first acted at the Royalty Theatre, London, April 30. Phil Flexible, the individual who furnishes the title for the sketch, is an artist and a snob. His wife, Phœbe, is a "rough diamond." Indeed, she is none other than our old friend Margery "washed out." She cherishes a contempt for the fine airs of society, and terribly horrifies her pretentious husband when, taking a brush, she determines to show her servants how to "polish up the corners." Phil is in dread lest his fine relations discover that he has married so unrefined a lady. His brother Arthur, however, shows no disinclination to accept relief in his financial impecuniosity at her hands. A ten-pound note is forthcoming from the lady's purse to buy the silence of a scoundrel who comes to tell her that her marriage with Phil was illegal, and that it is null and void. Phil, on learning that such a statement has been made, rejoices that he is once more a free man, and Sevens indeclined to desert poor Phœbe, who all this time has been "crying her eyes out." But the story of the false marriage is untrue, and so, when the priggish Phil has been assured by his sister that she will not sneer at his want of taste, he consents to a reconciliation with his wife.

HERR KARL TREUMANN, the comedian and late manager of the Qual and Karl Theatres, Vienna, Austria, has just died at the age of fifty-two. He was a native of Hamburg, and first introduced Offenbach to the Viennese public. Of late he had devoted the leisure of retirement to dramatic writing and adaptation.

"ARABELLA STUART," a new five-act drama by Rudolph Gottschall, the eminent critic, has been very successful in Leipsic, Germany. Paulina Ulrich, the leading lady of the Dresden Court Theatre, played the part of the heroine; Dr. Foerster, the manager, that of King James.

THE DEBTS of John Clarke, the English comedian, who recently petitioned the Court at London for the liquidation of his affairs, are stated to amount to £626; assets—furniture and effects—£130.

W. G. HERWYN, who for nearly five years has been connected with the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., during the latter portion of the time as stage-manager, died very suddenly on Monday, April 30. He had been suffering for some time from bronchitis, and on Saturday morning, as he was putting on his top-coat in leaving home, he burst a blood-vessel, the result of a severe fit of coughing. He bled much, and died shortly after the occurrence. Mr. Herwyn was but thirty-six years old, and usually appeared in leading parts.

"PERCY," a three-act play by Leonard Towne, was first acted at the Globe Theatre, London, April 30, and proved a lamentable failure. *The Sunday Times* says of it: "An attempt has been made to atone for its shortcomings by the introduction of some comic business. This, however, is of the most trivial kind; and as the play is wholly without literary value, as its characters are unreal and its surroundings commonplace, there is nothing whatever to give it a chance with the public."

"GONZAGA, A TALE OF FLORENCE," a tragedy in five acts by Rev. Henry Solly, was first represented at an amateur entertainment at St. George's Hall, London, April 30. It was not favorably received.

R. CALVERT, elocutionary lecturer to the New Colleges of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland, died in the former city April 21. He was formerly an actor, and was wont to alternate leading parts with the elder Kean, Macready, and the elder Vandenhoff. He was 84 years old.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.—The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the intended memorial buildings—theatre, library and picture-gallery—took place at Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, April 23. A site for the proposed buildings and money-gift of £1,000 had been presented by Mr. Fowler, the inhabitants of the town undertaking to raise the rest. The weather was favorable for the out-of-door ceremony, and a great number of strangers visited Stratford. The proceedings commenced at two o'clock, when the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford and the Council of the Memorial Association met the visitors on the site of the proposed buildings. Here were assembled, in Masonic state, Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, P. G. M., Lieutenant-colonel E. Marten, D. P. G., and members of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Warwickshire Freemasons. The stone having been duly laid, Lord Leigh, in congratulating the Council of the Memorial Association on their happy commencement of the good work, at the same time expressed an earnest hope that when it should be accomplished it might prove of benefit to the town. At the time of the tercentennary, in 1864, an attempt was set on foot to erect a Shakespeare statue. A sum of £1,200 was raised at the time; but the attempt failed, owing to want of sufficient funds and a division of opinion as to whether the statue should be erected in London or in Stratford-on-Avon. With regard to a doubt which had been expressed by some people as to whether it would be possible to maintain a theatre in Stratford, he said it was by no means intended that the building should be kept as a theatre alone. A library and museum were intended to be attached, and, except on certain special occasions, such as the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, the theatre was not intended to be used. It was intended, when £6,000 was secured, to establish a free library; and this, and the gardens also, would be free to all comers throughout the year with the exception of twenty days. His lordship added that the mallet which he had used in laying the corner-stone had been made from a piece of oak cut out of a beam in Shake-speare's house.

William Creswick also delivered an ad'ress, in which he pointed out that provincial theatres, which formerly existed in every town, afforded preliminary training for the metropolitan stage, and that the Memorial Theatre might in this respect supply a felt want; and he pleaded earnestly for national support to such a school of art. The ceremony was concluded by the singing of the national anthem, and the procession was then reformed and marched through the town to a large and elegant marquee, where a cold collation was served. About 1,000 noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies sat down, headed by the Mayor of Stratford, Lord and Lady Leigh sitting on his right, the Earl of Yarmouth on his left, Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Professor Lees, Mr. Creswick, R. Graves, Tom Taylor, Mr. Hodson, Charles Flower, Theodore Martin, Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit), and other distinguished persons were among the company. After dinner the loyal toasts were duly honored, Sir Eardley Wilmot proposed "The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare." Tom Taylor proposed "Success to the Shakespeare Memorial," which was responded to by Charles Flower. Theodore Martin proposed "The Drama," and the Earl of Yarmouth proposed "The Lord-lieutenant of the County." Other toasts followed, and the proceedings were marred by a heavy fall of rain that penetrated through the canvas and wet the visitors and the tables, were brought to a close shortly before seven o'clock.

Australian Show News.

MELBOURNE, Easter Tuesday, April 3, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* At the date of my last communication the boards of the Theatre Royal were occupied with Lazar's Royal Italian-opera Troupe. They played thirty-two nights, and gave three new operas, and performed many of the old ones, with but indifferent success. The business has been anything but good. They closed their season on March 31, and that night the legitimate drama took possession of the stage. "As You Like It" was produced, and served as the means of introducing to the Theatre Royal audience Miss Adelaide Ward, who has since joined the Opera-house. This lady's performance demonstrated that she possesses remarkable histrionic ability. Miss Ward combines with the dignified bearing of a somewhat imposing figure considerable grace of manner and expression, much sprightly vivacity, and a clear and immensely flexible style of elocution. She is ably supported by the stock company engaged. It was to be hoped that the lady would have made Australia her resting-place for good, or at least for some time to come, but I hear that she will shortly hie to America.....At the Opera-house "Les Danicheffs" has had a brilliant run. It was produced in a manner seldom seen on the Melbourne boards. The scenery was entirely new, and the acting was excellent, especially so the Countess of Miss Ada Ward. The next best-played parts were the Count, by G. G. Carey, and the Princess of Mlle. Eugenie Legrand. Miss Minnie Walton as Anna, though billed as one of the attractions of the play (Lytton Sothern as *the* card), failed to make any impression on her audiences. She did not play after the first few nights, and has not publicly shown since. Lytton Sothern as Vladimir, though somewhat amateurish, played the part with manly vigor and spirit, his denunciation of his mother in the palace of the Princess being particularly well given. The Sothern version of "Our American Cousin" succeeded the Russian play, and it is averred that W. S. Lyster made a serious mistake in its presentation. It was badly played, the Asa Trenchard of Fred Lyster being particularly rough on the visitors to the theatre, and especially so on those who have a lively recollection of Joseph Jefferson. Those who had previously seen Mr. Lyster in the latter character declare that his son gives an excellent copy of all the situations and business which have rendered the elder Sothern celebrated. Last night the director (William Saurin Lyster) determined to give a closing night to the season, and he produced "Round the World in Eighty Days," dramatized by F. Lyster. As a play there is nothing in it; but as a spectacle it is really magnificent, the scenery and ballet surpassing all previous efforts. The director has spared no expense in its presentation, and with the run of this piece the season is to close. Then the Italian-opera Troupe (Lazar's) will reappear in Melbourne, after their season in Adelaide, whither they sail to-day.....The little Academy of Music, under the direction of Messrs. G. H. Lewis (nee Rose Edouin), has been doing an excellent business with Signor and Signora Maryeroni as the stars. They have appeared in English in a comedietta entitled "Tragedy" in a "Fix," and in Italian, and the comedy-play "Jealousy"—and supported by an efficient company, including Fred Thorne. The attendance has been satisfactory to the treasury. Mrs. Rowe, who has been using a wellnigh-dead set, will shortly reappear.....The U. S. Minstrels, at the Apollo Hall, have been "bringing them in" in shoals. Crowded houses have been the rule during the past month, and not one company have determined to go lower down Bourke street, and have taken St. George's Hall. Combining with Lloyd Kelly and William Forrester, the Waldhi Volks' Theatre is a very large establishment, said to be the most celebrated in Germany. It is situated in the centre of a large and beautifully-laid-out garden, and the audience-room extends its leading from the theatre, through which the audience can pass from the theatre to the garden at pleasure. The theatre has a parquet, three galleries, and a very large stage. It is well lighted, and seats over 4,000 people. Instead of rows of seats, as in the theatres in America, it is filled from the top gallery to parquet with tables, surrounded by comfortable chairs. Attentive waiters, attired in full evening dress, attend to the wants of the numerous thirsty and hungry patrons. Everything eatable and drinkable can be procured at reasonable prices, including a small coin to the waiter. Sundays here are holidays, and extra performances are given, commencing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and lasting until 11.30 at night. It is a common occurrence to witness whole families partaking of a luxurious dinner, and at the same time enjoying a fine concert by first-class artists, male and female, and, with desert and coffee, listening to one of Offenbach's comic operas, comical musical, and gymnastic acts, etc., winding up with a first-class trick pantomime. The Germans are extremely fond of gymnastics. The Garretta Troupe, American globe-equilibrists, jugglers, etc., are a great success here. Their business is a novelty in Germany, as it also was in London and Paris, and their performances varied almost nightly, has hit the popular taste. They close here (after a six weeks' engagement) April 30, opening May 1 at the Great Gertrude-hof Theatre, Cologne. Having received offers from St. Petersburg and Moscow, they will visit those places, unless prevented by the war, previous to returning to Paris.

Leona Dare, who has been very successful in France and Belgium, commences May 1 at the Carl Theatre, Vienna. The old friends and admirers of the Hanlon Brothers will not be surprised when they hear that they have adopted and perfected, after many months' laborious practice, a line of business so novel and unlike anything ever before seen that a description of it fails to do justice to the performers. The new business is a mixture of everything that is funny, and the fun is all new. It consists of comical musical acts, original pantomime business, and eccentric comical situations, etc. Their whole performance is so funny and grotesque that the audience are in a continual roar of laughter, and they are rightly greeted with such cheers as would put to shame the patrons of the Old Bowery in its best days. From sheer inability to do more, they have to beg the audience to let them off. Michael Costa, the well-known German author and dramatist, whose latest production has recently made a success in Vienna, has just finished a play of novel construction, arranged for the Hanlons, in which they introduce their original novelties, and also act the principal characters of the play. This is to be their crowning masterpiece, and when everything is completed and ready they will first introduce the piece in Paris, afterwards in London, then in New York. Having witnessed all their new business, I am confident that the American public have a treat in store for them.

I am truly yours,

M. B. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAN HOWARD and most of the party with Howarth's Hibernicon, now in Australia, will shortly return to the United States.

AMUSEMENTS.

HELLER'S
WONDER THEATRE.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME,
being a selection of the
GEMS OF THE SEASON.
LAST NIGHTS IN NEW YORK
of
HELLER'S WONDERS.
N. B.—It may be worthy of consideration that, for the concluding performances, the stage will be entirely free from the decorations and furniture which have hitherto been enjoyed.
SEASON CLOSES THURSDAY, MAY 31.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 9-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Sole Lessees and Managers
RESERVED SEATS (Orchestra Circle), 50 CENTS.
LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SEASON.
LAST WEEK OF
MISS FANNY DAVENPORT,
MR. CHAS. F. COGHLAN,
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM,
MR. JAMES LEWIS,
AND FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY
in
THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
MATINEES
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
ON MONDAY, JUNE 4,
WILL BE INAUGURATED
A BRIEF SUMMER SEASON,
OF THE
MOST POWERFUL
DRAMATIC ATTRACTION. 9-1t

DALY'S 5th-AVENUE THEATRE.
POSITIVELY FAREWELL WEEK of
MISS NEILSON.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, Miss NEILSON as JULIET.
WEDNESDAY, Miss NEILSON as VIOLA (last time).
THURSDAY, Miss NEILSON as JULIET (last time).
FRIDAY, Miss Neilson's Benefit. Miss Neilson in 2 parts.
SATURDAY NIGHT, 26th, Miss NEILSON'S BENEFIT in
Miss NEILSON and Miss DAVENPORT together in
THE HUNCHBACK. 9-1t

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
A BRIEF SUMMER OPERA SEASON.
JUVENIL E ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA TROUPE,
including the following celebrated LYRIC ARTISTS:
MISS IDA DE CORT, Prima-donna.
MISS JOSIE FOLCH, Contralto.
MISS IDA ROOS, Soprana.
MISS ANNIE BENTON, Alto.
MASTER CHARLES ROSS, First Tenor.
MASTER STEPHEN M. GRAHAM, First Bass.
MASTER AUGUSTUS CLAYTON, Second Bass.
MISS CLARISSE BENTON, First Baritone.
MASTER JOHN WEISMAN, Second Tenor.
With a complete chorus and orchestra, in the comic opera of
CRISPINO E LA COMARE;
OR,
THE FAIRY AND THE COBBLER.
Matinees Tuesday and Fridays. 9-1t

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE.
corner West 12th street and Greenwich av., New York City, remodeled and enlarged at an expense of $11,000. A NEW and MAGNIFICENT FRONT ENTRANCE just added, making this the safest and most beautiful little place of amusement in the city. Admission: 50c., 75c., and $1; private boxes, $5 and $10. Burlesque and Sensational Stars, Whiteface Specialties, Combinations and Troupes, First-class Novelties and Ballet attractions, Premieres and Ballet-ladies, address at once J. BERRY, Manager, as above. 7-1t

BROOKLYN VOLKS' GARDEN,
ADAMS STREET,
Between Fulton and Myrtle avenues.
HYDE & BEHMAN.....Lessees and Managers
LADY ARTISTS AND OTHERS
can obtain dates by sending for them.
LARGEST AND COOLEST PLACE
in
THE CITY.
CROWDED NIGHTLY. 9-1t*

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Opposite Prince street,
OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing dates will please address the undersigned, HARRY MINER,
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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 4 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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COMBINATIONS, STARS AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS OF FIRST-CLASS REPUTATION (ONLY) WHO HAVE THE REQUISITE REFINEMENT TO APPEAR BEFORE A LADY AUDIENCE may apply for dates for the coming season to
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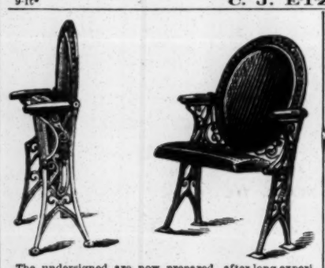

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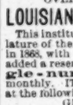

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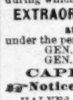

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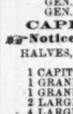

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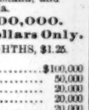

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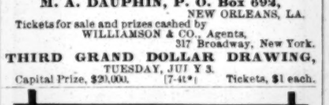

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